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GREEK LAYS &c.

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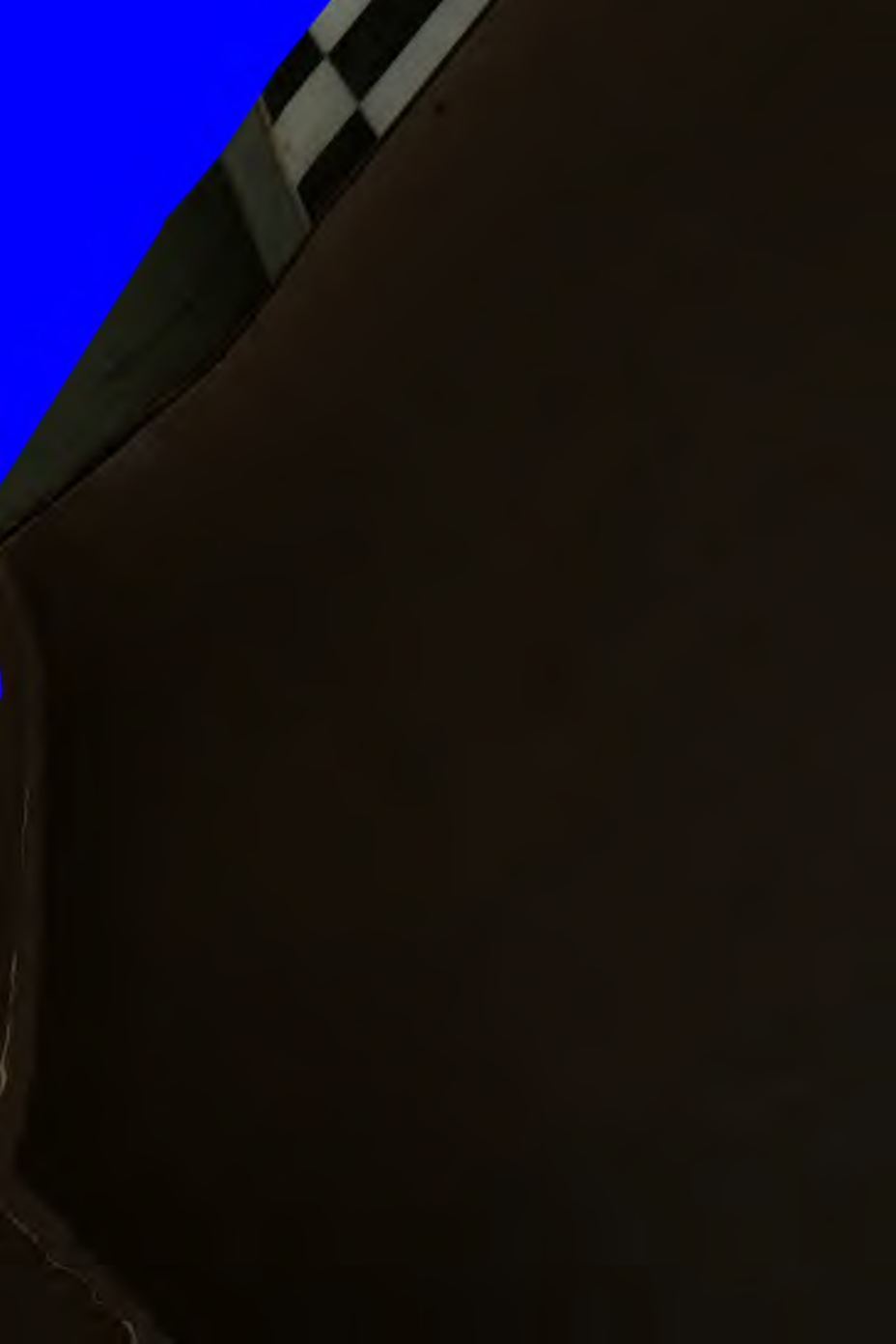
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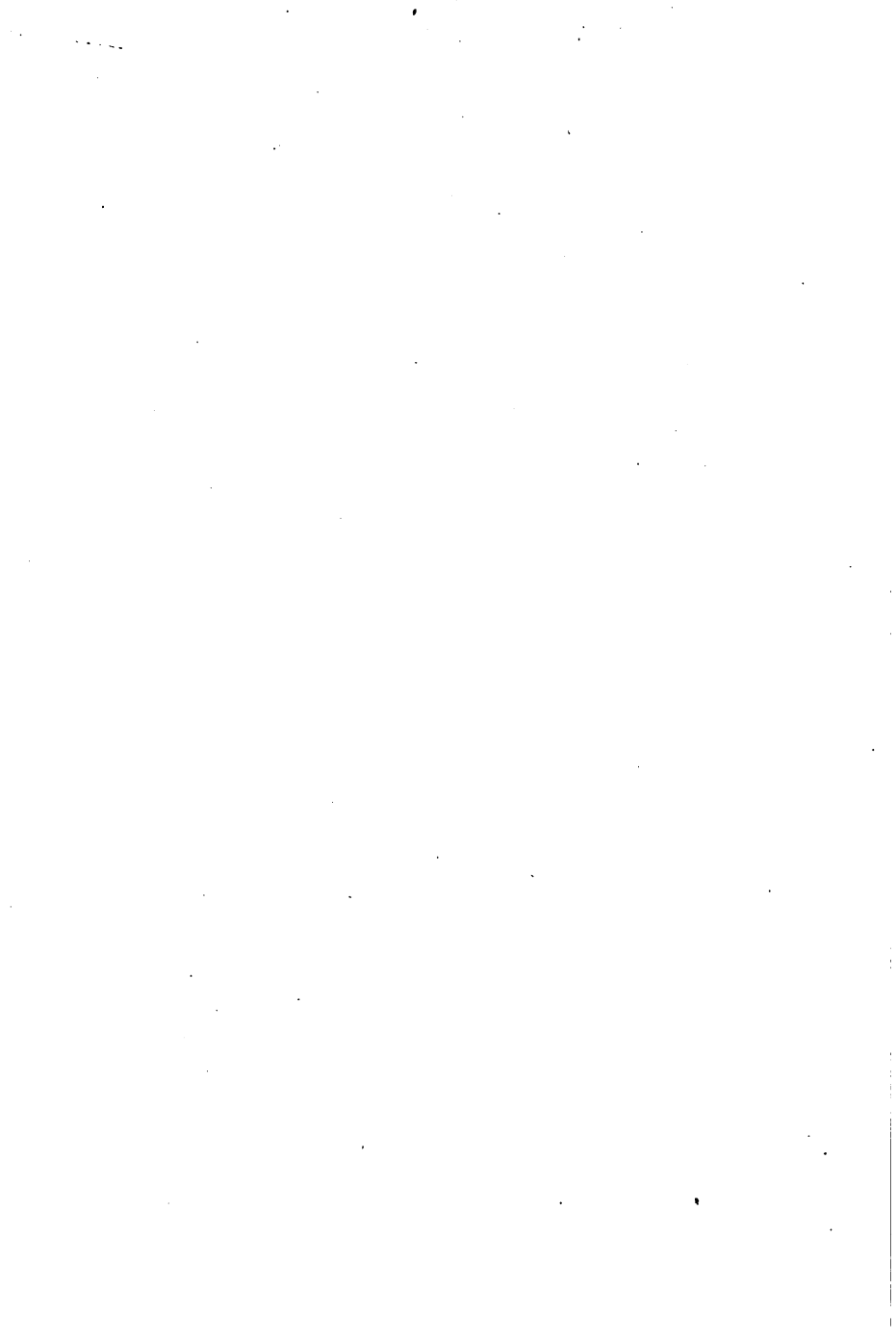
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Presented to  
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by  
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**GREEKS LAYS, IDYLLS, LEGENDS,  
ETC.**

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# GREEK LAYS, IDYLLS, LEGENDS, &c.

*A SELECTION FROM RECENT AND  
CONTEMPORARY POETS.*

**Translated**

BY

**E. M. EDMONDS.**

*WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES.*

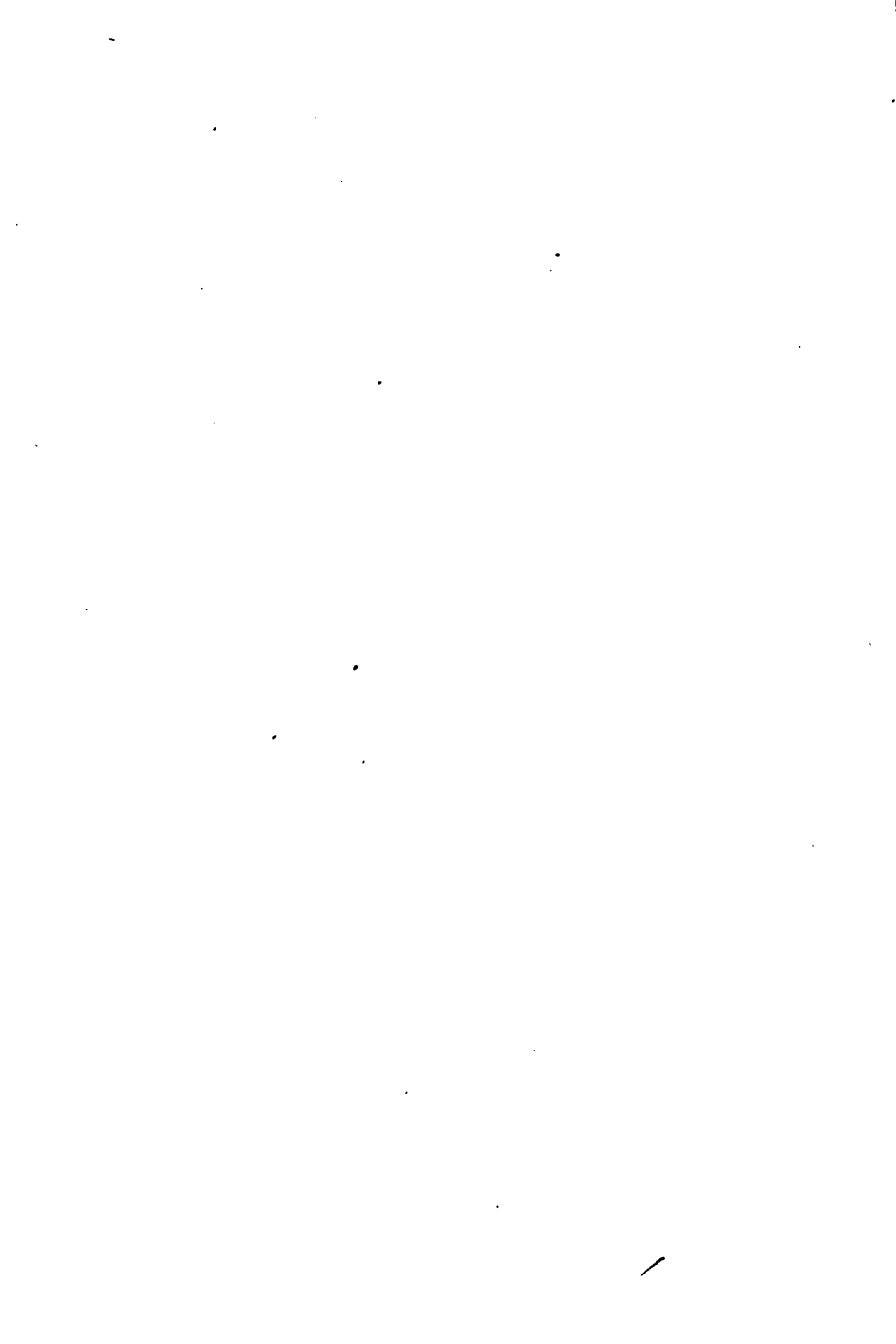
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TO  
*MISS FLORENCE M<sup>C</sup>PERSON,*  
IN WARM APPRECIATION,  
AND WITH THE ESTEEM WHICH KINDRED SYMPATHIES  
INSPIRE,  
**This Little Volume**  
IS INSCRIBED.



## P R E F A C E.



IN making a selection from the works of recent and contemporary Greek poets, the desire has been not so much to represent the individual poet as the people whose voice he is. The array of names held in high and deserved estimation by their countrymen, and the amount of literary production, whether in drama, epic, or lyric, is so great, that any attempt to give a just representation of the modern Greek poets through the medium of one small volume of translations is impossible. It is possible, however, by collecting a few national and descriptive poems, to illustrate the feelings and characteristics of the people by whose almost unguided efforts the War of Liberation was carried on.

As the springs and founts of this unexampled rising had their sources deep down in the affections and religion of the people, so by the side of historical and other episodes relating to the struggle for free-

dom I have placed legendary poems, folk-songs, and other lyrics containing any cherished customs, which, whether derived from archaic or Christian times, have been from time to time so gracefully clothed in verse by several living poets.

Such having been the intention, however imperfectly carried out, it is naturally to be expected that a greater number of pages would be devoted to Aristotle Valaôritês than to any other poet; for Valaôritês is without dispute the most truly national poet of Greece, who, whether he is narrating one of his country's tragedies, or describing an individual grief,—chanting as it were an Epirote myriology,—he is through and through, alike in language as in thought, *the poet of the people*. Although a gentleman by birth and a man of the highest cultivation, he identifies himself in his poems with the peasant and his wild fancies—the patriotic Klepht of the hills,—the free-hearted brave sailor of the ocean, and the devoted bishop or monk pouring out his blood for his country and its faith. His poems may in many of their phases be objected to as presenting too often a realistic picture of human suffering, unnecessarily prolonged painful details, and almost, as it were, a revelling in horrors; yet even here he is a true delineator. Through ages of oppression a quick,

sensitive people, ever alive to receive impressions, had been made familiar with scenes of brutality which had left their marks not only in the partial obliteration of former perceptions of the bright and beautiful, but in emphasizing in language as in thought an intense hatred of the oppressor. This tendency to lengthened description of suffering is not confined to Valaôritês; it is conspicuous in some other writers, and its objectionable features are more observable in a translation than in the beautiful language of the originals.

Besides the above, there are included some few short love lyrics, and two or three poems of the sentimental school, which was of foreign origin, and happily is now exercising a diminishing influence over young writers, so that *tearful poets* and *hapless lovers* are much less frequent than formerly.

The endeavour has been to keep as nearly as possible to the metres and forms of the originals. This endeavour has, however, not been made in the case of the "Folk Songs" of Mr. George Drosinês, where the unrhymed long lines, finding their harmony in the accentuated stress of modern Greek, would have lost still more than they have already done had

any attempt been made to imitate their construction in an English translation.

In conclusion, I take pleasure in mentioning my indebtedness for an Introduction to a friend who has for very many years been enthusiastic in the Greek cause, and who has based his estimate of Greek character from an extensive personal acquaintance with all classes.

ELIZABETH MAYHEW EDMONDS.

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## ERRATA.

*Page ix, for Tantalides, read Tantalidès.*

*Page xv, for Valves, read Valvès.*

*Page 30, note, for Chāinitza, read Chaīnitza.*

*Page 50, note, for Thanasēs Vagias, read Thanasy Vayia.*

*Pages 58 and 64, note, for Trikoupis, read Trikoupès.*

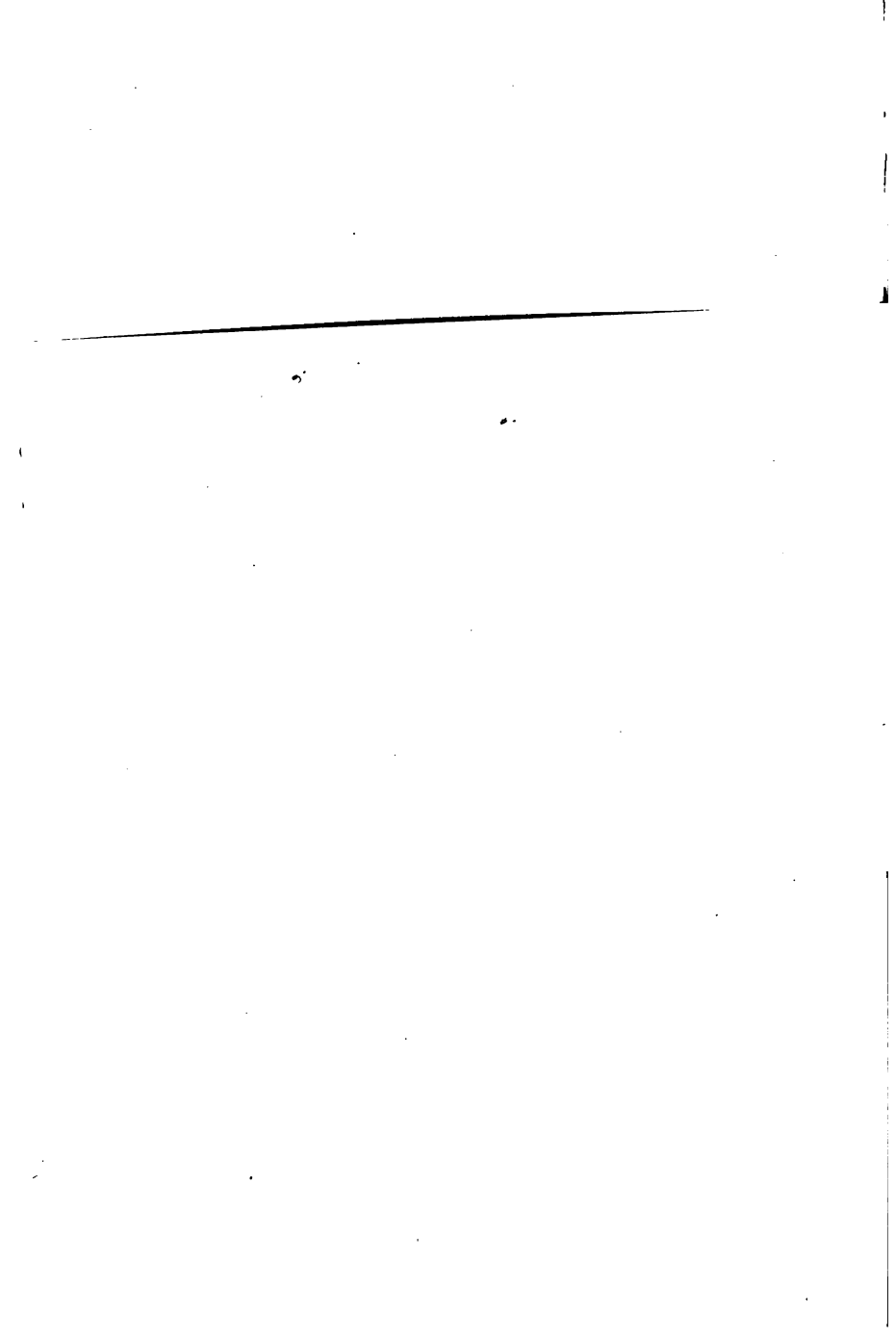
*Page 73, note, for Magic, read Witchcrafts.*

*Pages 180 and 161, for Tantalides, read Tantalidès.*

*Page 249, note, for closed, read closes.*

deeds of daring of the Hellenes during that eventful period, it has been deemed advisable to add to the value of the notes appended to some of the poems contained herein, by presenting a few sketches calculated to show that the modern Greeks are not the degenerate race some Turkophiles have represented them to be.

Space will not allow any long series of narrations,



## INTRODUCTION.

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MANY interesting books have been written upon modern Greece, but very much of the most valuable information is contained either in expensive works, or in volumes now out of print, and therefore inaccessible to the general reader. This being the case, comparatively little is known in this country of the history of the War of Independence, in which our fathers took so lively an interest.

As this little work may fall into the hands of some—more especially the youth of both sexes—who have not had their sympathies awakened by the many deeds of daring of the Hellenes during that eventful period, it has been deemed advisable to add to the value of the notes appended to some of the poems contained herein, by presenting a few sketches calculated to show that the modern Greeks are not the degenerate race some Turkophiles have represented them to be.

Space will not allow any long series of narrations,



whether of individual or collective heroism, in which the War of Independence was so rich ; a cursory glance only will be given at three tragic episodes—sufficient in themselves to exemplify the spirit of the whole history of that time—viz., the fates of Suli, Chios, and Missolonghi.

In the poem in this collection called “The Flight,” we are taken back to a period immediately preceding the general rising of the Greek peoples—a period when the brave Suliots maintained their sturdy independence against all the forces led for their overthrow by Ali Pasha of Epiros. Notwithstanding Ali’s defeat as recorded in the poem, he, as soon as his arrangements were complete, renewed the struggle with his wonted energy.

His troops, composed of diverse elements, mustered at the least 20,000, chiefly Mahometan Albanians, who were stimulated to fight in their master’s cause by a clever revival of an old Mahometan prophecy, that an Albanian empire would be established upon the ruins of the Turkish power, which latter, from various causes, even then showed evident signs of rapid decay and collapse.

In the heroic defence of hearth and home, the brave people of Suli could not muster, at most, more than some 1500 ; but the sacredness of their cause animated them with almost more than human courage. Even women and boys fought against the common foe.

Where all made themselves conspicuous in repelling the fierce onslaughts of Ali's troops, it would appear invidious to particularise persons. History, however, has left on record two names, towering above their fellows as "the bravest of the brave"—Photo Tzavellas, a son of the Lambro of "The Flight," and the good priest Samuel, who was known indifferently as the Caloyero or Papás by the mountaineers.

During the period under notice this remarkable man arrived at Suli: from whence nobody seemed to know. His antecedents were a mystery, and remained so; but he came to throw in his lot unreservedly with the hardy mountaineers. By his fervent Christianity, coupled with the extraordinary devotion he exhibited to their cause, the Papás in a very short time gained the entire confidence of the people, and was appointed their polemarch or minister of war. He fulfilled all the duties that devolved upon him as a Christian priest, whilst at the post of danger he was ever foremost; no wonder then that the Suliots came to look upon him with awe, and this feeling would not be diminished when we bear in mind the remarkable title of "*η τελευταία κρίσις*"—"the last judgment"—by which he designated himself in his proclamations and addresses to the Suliots.

The Greeks, ever allured by the marvellous, crowded round him with enthusiasm, and followed his footsteps from village to village, whilst he pro-

claimed amongst them "the fulfilment of time," "the overthrow of Kedar," and the approaching "glory of the remnant of the Lord."

His ascetic piety, his wild and prophet-like aspect, his fastings, his preachings, and above all, the purity of his patriotism, served to endear him to his companions. During the last close investment of their mountain strongholds by Ali's forces, the Suliots had to undergo the greatest privations, being at one time reduced to such straits as to be compelled to subsist for a while upon grass boiled with a little meal. The end however drew near, as Ali found means by corruption, to accomplish what he had failed to do by dint of arms; but even in their direst extremity the Suliots were able to obtain terms, viz., permission to retire to Parga, and compensation to be given for the large quantity of gunpowder still in their magazine. The transfer of this latter was undertaken by the brave Caloyero, who remained behind with five companions for the purpose, whilst the inhabitants left in companies, under the different chiefs.

The last act of the Caloyero was in full keeping with what had gone before, and proved that the confidence reposed in him had not been misplaced.

When the negotiations were concluded, he was asked by Ali's secretary what treatment he expected now that he was in the Vizier's power (who, it should be added, purposed having him flayed alive): the

reply was characteristic of the man. "He can inflict none," said Samuel, "that can have any terrors for one who has long hated life, and who thus despises death," suiting the action to the words by discharging his pistol into a barrel of gunpowder upon which he was seated. The terrific explosion which followed shattered everything into atoms, one Greek alone escaping.

It would take too long to follow the poor Suliots in their retreat. Harassed and cut off by Ali's forces, comparatively few ultimately reached a place of safety; but Photo Tzavellas shone with additional lustre on account of the skill and bravery he exhibited in conducting the band under his command through so many dangers. It has been deemed right to treat thus largely upon the Suliots, as their protracted defence and heroic conduct in the last extremity exercised a great moral influence on the minds of the Greeks everywhere, and very materially prepared the way for the War of Independence by teaching the down-trodden Christians their strength.

In the deadly contest that soon followed, when the whole Greek nation rose in arms to recover their freedom, innumerable examples of heroism present themselves to our view.

The Greeks rose against a tyranny of 400 years' standing, the greatest evil of which was that it

tended to make its victims well nigh as debased and as barbarous as its ministers. In thus considering the position of the Greeks, it is much to their honour that they had virtues left—that they had sufficient valour, sufficient unity and constancy to carry on the struggle at all.

During the reigns of the Sultans immediately following the fall of Constantinople, one cannot doubt but that the oppression of the Greeks was far less than it was under their miserable successors in later periods. The early Sultans were mostly great men and great rulers; their government was vigorous, and if stern—often cruel—it was far from being always unjust. With those later detestable tyrants and voluptuaries, in whose characters weakness and wickedness were combined, the Hellenes became exposed to the exactions and insults of innumerable subordinate despots, and could no longer, with the same confidence, “flee from petty tyrants to the throne.” One privilege after another was curtailed, or withdrawn altogether, until at last it was made penal to teach a Greek child either the language or the religion of his fathers.

In order to keep alive the fire of Hellenism and save the nation from being altogether lost in a flood of ignorance—moral, intellectual, and religious—it would seem as if God put it into the hearts of the leaders to hold night assemblies for the purpose

of instruction ; and we are forcibly reminded of this in the little song “ *φεγγαράκι μου λαμπρός.*”

“ O pretty little moon,  
Shine out and guide my way ;  
And while I steal to school,  
Let not my footsteps stray.  
There knowledge good to us is given,  
A precious gift sent down from heaven.”

Concurrently with the revival of learning, commerce also, from various causes, began to attain large dimensions in the hands of Greeks, many of whom, by their successes as merchants and traders, amassed large fortunes.

This reacted upon the country in such a way that educational institutions increased with so much rapidity that every Greek community possessed a school where their youth received instruction not only in the vernacular, but often also in the ancient language. Very shortly the public press came to make itself heard in the number of works issued therefrom on history, poetry, philosophy and science, which were eagerly read by all classes of the people. With this influx of commerce, and the spread of education, the long-lost voice of patriotism began to be heard, and the desire to free their country took possession of the Klepht on the mountain side, the mariner on the ocean, and the peasant in the field ; and it is perhaps

to this *aroused intelligence* of the nation (combined with the advance of commerce) more than to any other cause that we must trace the origin of the Greek Revolution. At this period we find the advent of such men as Koraes, Rhigas, and others.

The former, whilst encouraging his countrymen in resistance to the Turks, did not fail to plead their cause before Western Europe, and endeavour to enlist sympathy in their behalf. Of his literary labours it has been said that no country except Germany could show his equal. He laboured to purify the language and reduce it to fixed rules; and it was ever his aim to elevate the moral qualities of his countrymen.

Rhigas, known by his spirited heart-stirring war-songs, fairly electrified the whole population of Greece, and they rose as one man to fight "for the holy faith in Christ and the freedom of their country."

A prominent (and unique) feature in the War of Independence is the utter absence of any real leader on the Greek side; the movement was essentially one of *the people*, and throughout their fiery ordeal we fail to come across one real chief claiming either the confidence or the obedience of the nation. With the exception of Ypsilanti and Mavrokordato, and perhaps two or three others, the leading characters were men from the crowd. This has left its mark

down to the present time upon the Hellenic kingdom, where titles of nobility are still not to be found. Even such an adverse critic as M. About has paid the Greeks an admirable compliment on this score.

From the toiling class we have a glorious roll of names. Amongst others, the most perfect characters are Andreas Miaoulis, the great naval commander, who is said to have been "an iron man, who never smiled and never wept," and who after his victories retired and lived as a private citizen; Markos Botzares, the simple-hearted descendant of an ancient Suliote family; and Konstantinos Kanares, who claims a special interest in that he serves as a connecting link between the far-off past and our own times, living long enough to hold office as premier of his country under King George, and surviving until A.D. 1877, full of years and honours. How the then youthful sailor avenged the butcheries and rapine committed by the savage Asiatic hordes on the peaceful and defenceless inhabitants of Chios (a home of learning and civilisation), will be repeated in the language of Gordon:—"The fast of Ramadan ended on Wednesday the 19th, . . . and the Grand Admiral [of the Turks] celebrated on the night of the 18th, by a splendid entertainment, the approach of the moon of Bayram, which he was not fated to behold. Surrounded by the blood-stained trophies



of Scio, he had forgotten the vicinity of the Greeks, who, since their previous failure, lay in the harbour of Psarra, meditating a plan for his discomfiture. We have now to narrate one of the most extraordinary [naval] exploits recorded in history, and to introduce to the reader's notice, in the person of a young Psarriote sailor, the most brilliant pattern of heroism that Greece in any age has had to boast of—a heroism, too, springing from the purest motives, unalloyed by ambition or avarice. The Greeks were convinced that if they did not by a decisive blow paralyse the Turkish fleet before its junction with that of Egypt, their islands must be exposed to imminent danger; it was proposed, therefore, in their naval counsel, to choose a dark night for sending in two *brulots* by the northern passage, while at each extremity of the strait two ships of war should cruise in order to pick up the *brulottiers*. Constantine Canaris of Psarra (already distinguished by his conduct at Erisso) and George Pepinis of Hydra, with thirty-two bold companions, volunteered their services; and having partaken of the Holy Sacrament, sailed on the 18th in two brigs fitted up as fire-ships, and followed at some distance by an escort of two corvettes, a brig, and a schooner. They beat to windward in the direction of Tchesmè under French and Austrian colours, and about sunset drew so nigh to the hostile men-of-war, that

they were hailed and ordered to keep off; they tacked accordingly, but at midnight bore up with a fresh breeze, and ran in amongst the fleet. The Psarriote *brulot*, commanded by Canaris, grappled the prow of the Admiral's ship, anchored at the head of the line a league from the shore, and instantly set her on fire; the Greeks then stepped into a large launch they had in tow, and passed under her poop, shouting, "Victory to the Cross!" the ancient cry of the imperial armies of Byzantium. The Hydriotes fastened their brig to another line-of-battle ship carrying the treasure and the Reala Bey's flag, and communicated the flames to her, but not so effectually, having applied the match a moment too soon; they were then picked up by their comrades, and the thirty-four *brulottiers* sailed out of the channel through the midst of the enemy without a single wound; they had, however, in their bark a barrel of gunpowder, determined to blow themselves up rather than be taken. While they departed, full of joy and exultation, the roads of Scio presented an appalling sight. The Capitan Pasha's ship, which in a few minutes became one sheet of fire, contained 2286 persons, including most of the captains of the fleet, and unfortunately also a great number of Christian slaves; not above 180 survived. . . . Although the Reala Bey's ship got clear of the Hydriote *brulot*, and the flames were

extinguished on board of her, yet she was so seriously damaged as to be unfit for ulterior service; and the *brulot*, driving about the roadstead in a state of combustion, set fire to a third two-decker, which was likewise preserved through the exertions of its crew. Overwhelmed with despair, the Capitan Pasha was placed in a launch by his attendants, but just as he seated himself there, a mast falling, sunk the boat, and severely bruised him; nevertheless, expert swimmers supported Kara Ali to the beach, only to draw his last breath on that spot where the Sciote hostages had suffered!

“For three quarters of an hour the conflagration blazed, casting its light far and wide over the sea and coast of Asia, and alarming even the city of Smyrna. . . . At 2 o'clock on the morning of the 19th, the flagship blew up with a dreadful explosion. It would be difficult to paint the consternation of the Turks: all vessels cut their cables, some running out of the southern channel, others beating up towards the northern. . . . From such desolation, we turn with pleasure to a subject worthy of delight and admiration; the triumphant return of Canaris and his valiant companions. It was a proud day for Greece when those intrepid men, entering the Psarrian harbour amidst the firing of cannon, ringing of bells, waving of banners, and the acclamations of the seamen and

citizens, doffed their slippers, and walked in silence to a neighbouring church, to render thanks to Providence, which had granted to thirty-four champions so signal a victory over the infidel host." (Gordon, I. 366.)

This was not the only act of daring performed by Kanares, and his intrepid courage evoked universal admiration. His epitaph was pointedly written by Wilhelm Müller, and thus translated into English by Professor Aytoun, many years ago:—

" I am Constantine Kanaris,  
I who lie beneath this stone ;  
Twice into the air in thunder  
Have the Turkish galleys blown.  
In my bed I died—a Christian,  
Hoping straight with Christ to be ;  
Yet one earthly wish is buried  
Deep within the grave with me :  
That upon the open ocean,  
When the third Armada came,  
They and I had died together,  
Whirled aloft on wings of flame !"

This and other bright examples did not fail to produce fruit in the steady growth of Phil-Hellenism, and we find such men as Byron, Murray, Gordon, Hastings, Church, and Cochrane, with a number of other distinguished persons from various countries of Europe, taking their place among the native defenders

of Hellas. But what undoubtedly contributed more than anything else to gain the sympathy of Europe and accelerate practical intervention was the fall of Missolonghi—a name which will ever be associated with that of Lord Byron. And what heart capable of any generous emotion does not kindle at the name of Missolonghi? Month after month the little band of heroes in the city beheld land and sea covered with the camps and fleets of the Turks and Egyptians. Yet not a man dreamed of surrender; what men with arms in their hands could dream of it, while they saw priests, and women, and children writhing on the stake beneath the walls? At last came that terrible night, that fearful sally which will live in the pages of history as long as the world stands. During the last three weeks of the siege the chief articles of food had been sea-weeds and the leather of their shoes, which, softened by a little oil, was almost regarded as a *delicacy*. In the streets there were seen lying old and young, men and women, sick, famished, or dead. To save the remnant, it was resolved to make a sortie, and on the night of the 22d April A.D. 1826, out of 3000 men the bravest warriors were selected to force a passage, sword in hand, through the whole hostile army surrounding the devoted city. A number of others unable to follow either from age or disease, or unwilling to leave their beloved homes and the tombs of their

ancestors, assembled near the powder magazine, and calmly awaited the end.

When the moment arrived, the Greeks best able to fight took the lead, being followed by all the young men at arms. *All the women* were likewise armed, and *disguised as men*, many carrying a sword in the right hand, and an infant either in the left, or fastened to their backs. They were followed by the old men, women, and children, under the protection of a body of soldiers forming the rear. When at last the order was given in a thundering voice, "Forward ! forward ! death to the barbarians !" with superhuman courage the vanguard of the Greeks rushed on the fortifications of the enemy, and nothing was able to stop their progress. Not the savage hordes of Reshid, not the disciplined battalions of Ibrahim the Egyptian, could endure that desperate charge. However, some one shouted out "Back into the town !" and great numbers were driven back by terror. With these the Arabs and Turks entered the city, and fearful scenes were enacted, which lasted the whole night. The Greeks fired the magazine, and next morning Missolonghi was a blackened heap of ruins, among which some 3000 Greeks were buried, together with many thousands of their enemies. Of those who cut their way through, only some 1800 succeeded in escaping to a place of safety, the remainder having fallen heroically as martyrs in the cause of liberty.

Missolonghi fell, but her ruins served to draw the attention of all Europe to the fact that it was high time, in the cause of humanity and justice, for the Western Powers to put an end to a conflict that had raged so long and so relentlessly. At last Greece became free. Since its independence the little kingdom has passed through various vicissitudes. It has been left to our own times to witness an enlargement of its borders; when the next extension of its frontier will take place it is beyond our province to forecast. That she is capable, however, of bearing an enlargement, and thereby to take a more forward place in the council of nations, no true observer can gainsay.

The kingdom is making steady progress commercially and educationally; life and property are safe; and under the wise administration of King George the state of Greece indicates a steady following in the path of the more advanced countries of Western Europe.

From the very nature of the Greek insurrection, when a whole nation rose in revolt against their oppressors, those comprised in the rising embraced, as might be expected, very different elements: they were, however, of one mind in defence of their faith and fatherland. The Klephts formed no inconsiderable part of the fighting element, and upon many an occasion did valiant service. They knew intimately every defile and mountain-pass. How well they

utilised this knowledge history records in the total destruction of not a few well-disciplined and brave Turkish battalions.

One might expect that these Klephts, exposed as they were to constant dangers, living mostly in inaccessible places, often spending whole nights with no covering over their heads but the heavens—who in regard to elements of self-denial closely approached monastic austerity—should, from the very roughness of the life they led, be entirely wanting in acts of kindness, and given to deeds of vindictive cruelty.

To judge them so, however, would render them great injustice. If they were implacable in their enmity towards their oppressors, no acts of revolting cruelty have ever been charged against them: the ball, or dagger, speedily and surely put the foe out of pain. To their friends they were faithful to the death, and many are the stories recording acts of the utmost devotion and humanity on their part. It should be also mentioned to their credit that notwithstanding the many inducements offered to the contrary, they clung tenaciously to the religion of their fathers, apostacy among them being a thing almost unknown.

It would be both unjust and ungenerous to omit in this crude sketch, *special* mention of another class who took a noble part in the war, viz., the *Greek women*. The females of Suli handled the musket



with dexterity, and when danger ran high, stood side by side with their fathers, husbands, brothers, and sons in many a hard-fought engagement, Moscho, the wife of Lambro Tzavellas, being particularly celebrated for her bravery. It would be a long category to record the many names that suggest themselves, some of whom, like Despo's, have been enshrined in song. Bobolina, a wealthy and heroic Spezziote, not only fitted out a number of her own vessels against the Turks, but commanded in person and participated actively throughout the war, invariably showing great courage. Of a different type, but none the less serviceable to the cause, was the refined and accomplished Madalena Mavroyenis, the heroine of Mykonos, who spent a fortune in alleviating the wants of her distressed compatriots, and whose many sacrifices and devotion will make her memory ever dear, not only to every Hellene, but also to every one who appreciates pure and disinterested patriotism.

But undoubtedly the most striking instance of all, was the part taken by the women in the defence of Missolonghi, to which allusion has already been made, and to which our special attention is called in the poem, "Our Grandmother's Girlhood." That this historical poem is not a creation of fancy, or the description of an isolated case, will be self-evident when it is borne in mind the number of women who must have been in the city at the time. Of the valiant 1800 who

survived the horrors of the terrible night of the sortie, nearly 200 were women, who like the brave old lady forming the subject of the poem, had literally *to cut their way* to freedom !

Justice also demands that these remarks should not be brought to a close without stating how much the Greek nation owes to the Orthodox Church.

The very existence of the Greek nation is, more than to any cause, due to the existence of the Orthodox Church. The profession of the Orthodox faith was the distinguishing badge of the Byzantine Empire for the last six centuries of its existence. It was to those who held it instead of a nationality. So, too, in later days, under French, Venetian, and Ottoman bondage, religion and nationality have ever been identified in the Grecian mind. When the Greek, either from interest or other causes, ceased to be an Orthodox Christian, he became denationalized, and invariably sided with the oppressors.

A member of the Latin communion, or a Moslem of the purest Hellenic blood, ceases to identify himself with the Greek people: the Cretan Moslems, the most oppressive of all, were of Grecian origin; the Latins of Syros, throughout the War of Independence, openly sympathised with the infidels against the Orthodox insurgents; it was by the hands of Christian Mirdites that Botzares met his glorious end. Consequently to the Hellene, Greek and Orthodox are

synonymous terms. The bishops and priests, when the time for active resistance came, were the first to lead the Greeks against the tyrants. And who suffered more cruel tortures than the clergy? They were amongst the first martyrs in the struggle for liberty and religion.

Gregory<sup>1</sup> the Patriarch of Constantinople and the Bishops of Ephesus, of Derkos, of Nicomedia, Thessalonica, Adrianople, Anchialos, and many other hierarchs, were hanged in different quarters of the capital, and their bodies, after having been exposed during some days to the insults of the Turkish rabble, were cut down and surrendered to a mob of Jews, by whom they were dragged through the streets, and afterwards flung into the sea. The Archbishop Germanos was the first who raised the standard of liberty near Patras. It was the Bishop of Rygon who,

<sup>1</sup> Gregory the Patriarch was offered life, wealth, and honours, if he would declare himself a convert to the creed of Mahomet. He repelled the suggestion with scorn, and bade his executioners cease from insulting the servant of the Crucified. After that he spoke no more save in aspirations to God. His lifeless body, floating on the waters of the Bosphorus, was picked up by a Russian vessel, and conveyed to Odessa, where it was buried with great pomp. On the fiftieth anniversary of his death the Greek nation succeeded in having his body brought back again into their midst, when it received its second burial in the Cathedral of Athens, the funeral oration of the martyred Patriarch being delivered on the occasion by the learned and eloquent Archbishop of Syros and Tinos—Alexander Lycurgus, since gone to his rest. [See Miss Skene's "Life of Archbishop Lycurgus."]

during the prolonged sufferings of the siege of Missolonghi, encouraged the besieged by his heroic example *to fight like lions*. Numerous other ecclesiastics took part in the struggle whose characters may well be summarised in that of the Bishop of Helos, of whom it has been said that "with every external sign of humility, he was a *real* enthusiast, *always ready to preach or to fight*, and consequently had an extraordinary influence over the soldiers."

We find the very same spirit animating the Greek clergy in our own times. Witness the devotion exhibited during the struggle in Crete, when the celebrated monastery of Arkadi was blown up rather than surrender to the Turks, and the Cretan ecclesiastics, who were able so to do, carried the rifle and bore their full share throughout the campaign. A gentleman who took part in the fighting in that island in 1866 and 1867 writes of one popular priest—a representative of his class—that "the spirit of a Crusader landing on the shores of Palestine seemed to burn within him." Yet with all this practical action in the temporal interest of her members, the Eastern Church has not forgotten her spiritual mission. She has had to cope with innumerable difficulties, has witnessed trials and persecutions, often of the most cruel description; nevertheless she has ever held fast "the charge committed to her," and to-day as of old she neglects not to pray "for the peace of the whole

world, stability of the holy Churches of God, and the union of all."

In compiling this prelude to the very interesting poetical versions which follow, the writer has not scrupled to avail himself largely of the labours of others.<sup>1</sup> If what is thus imperfectly put together serves to awaken sufficient interest in any reader not already conversant with the excellent works of Gordon, Tennent, Xenos, Gennadios, Lewis Sergeant, and Hilary Skinner, to go into those trustworthy sources for fuller information, the object of this introduction will have been gained.

MATTHIAS JENKYN.

CARDIGAN, SOUTH WALES.

<sup>1</sup> In addition to the authors named later on, to whom the writer is under deep obligation, much use has been made of an excellent article which appeared in the *Edinburgh Review* for April 1856.

LAYS,  
HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE.



## The Young Klepht's Farewell.

—JULIUS TYPALDOS.

“FAREWELL ye lofty mountains, ye streams of limpid  
light,  
Ye mornings bath'd with dewdrops, each moonbeam-  
clothèd night,  
And you—dear Klephts—my comrades, who've made  
the Turks oft fly.  
I have no illness wasting me, though I go forth to  
die,  
But when the bullet felleth me my soul will yet  
remain—  
A small dark bird becoming—a swallow black,  
who fain  
Must go in early dawning to see you fight once  
more.—  
And when the wan moon cometh out, when all  
the battle's o'er—  
Then back unto the cypress-tree, with swift wings  
having flown,  
I'll sit and mourn the few Klepht lads with whom  
the earth is strown—



All through the lonesome night-hours whilst they're  
 lying there in sleep,  
 Listening to their mothers who with wailing dirges<sup>1</sup>  
 weep."

"Lo! the Pasha's portal now is reached—so pause  
 thee in thy song."

"Farewell, high hills, and rivers ever running bright  
 along—

Oh bury me, my brothers, where the reeds grow tall  
 and thin,

There to hear the choral nightingales when they lead  
 April in ;

And when in San Sofia in the great church shall  
 resound

The song of 'Christ is risen ' whilst the incense floats  
 around,

To the City as a snow-white bird I'll haste to fly  
 away,

And like a child of Paradise sing out my gladsome  
 lay."—

These words had scarcely flown his lips, when dead  
 he fell to earth.

But where they laid him in the ground a cypress  
 had its birth ;

<sup>1</sup> *Μυριολογία* = myriologies. See note end of vol.

And every day at dawning, amid the breath of  
 May,  
 A lonely bird would go and 'mong that cypress'  
 branches stay,  
 And look unto the East—to the City<sup>1</sup> gazing long,  
 And sing in mournful tones and low its sad and  
 plaintive song.

<sup>1</sup> As the devout Jews have ever turned to Jerusalem with intense longing and mourned their lost Sion, so with like regretful affection the *true* Greeks have looked for four centuries towards *the City* and San Sofia, which the old fragment, supposed to have been written soon after the taking of Constantinople, so well embodies in the lines beginning—

Πῆραν καὶ τὴν Ἁγίαν Σοφίαν τὸ μετὰ μοναστήρι.

## The Death of Hamkos.<sup>1</sup>

—JULIUS TYPALDOS.

WHAT terror is this lone Tepleni<sup>2</sup> that fills.  
The sun veiled in clouds passes over the hills—  
Shouts of joy with loud blasphemies rising up near—  
With oaths, and with wailings, and voices of fear!

She lies on her darken'd bed writhing with rage,  
For now 'tis with death the stern strife she doth  
wage;

But the same savage spirit still gnaweth the breast  
Of the mother of Ali with unpitying unrest.

O Death! quench the words from her lips ere they  
pass;

Not yet hath the blood been outpoured. Alas!

<sup>1</sup> Hamkos, the mother of Ali, being in the agonies of a painful death, left as her dying legacy to her son (between whom and herself there was a great love), the destruction of Gardiki, for an insult received forty years previously. See notes on Ali Pasha.

<sup>2</sup> Tepleni or Tebleni was first occupied by the Turks in 1401, and was an obscure town in Argyro-Castron, and owes its celebrity to Ali Pasha having been born there—"le fatal avantage," as M. Pouqueville recounts it.

Dismay and destruction she willeth to be—  
It is slaughter—the sword—she bequeaths to Ali.

“Where art thou, my son, that thou leavest me  
lone<sup>1</sup>—

Ah, haste thee, for Death will now make me his own ;  
The depths of my bosom are chilling and cold—  
While others in fullest life festivals hold !

Every nerve in my body is thrilling with pain,  
Whilst another face glows with the rose’ purple stain,  
For me—there is only a bed in the earth,  
Whilst for others are wreaths—the dance—singing  
—and mirth.

Ah Son ! make Gardiki<sup>2</sup> a desert and waste,  
A wide place of tombs, whither hungry wolves haste ;

<sup>1</sup> Ali made all the fiery haste he was master of, but did not arrive until his mother was dead.

<sup>2</sup> “J’avais visité cette ville florissante, J’avais connu ses familles patriciennes. . . . J’avais été témoin de ses malheurs recents. . . . Je fus frappé de terreur en y entrant. Je frissonnai, en voyant les mosquées abandonnées, les rues désertes et silencieuses, et le deuil d’une ville entière, privée de ses habitants. Les pas de nos chevaux étaient les seuls bruits, nos voix les seules intonations, auxquelles l’écho endormi répondit en se reveillant du fond des tombeaux. Partout se présentait l’image de la desolation, ouvrage du satrape de l’Épire. Les bains publics ouverts, les portes des maisons brisées, des pans des murs écroulés, des rues incendiées, et pour êtres vivants, quelque sinistres jacals, ou des chiens devenus presque sauvages, qui, par leurs hurlements, paraissaient nous demander leur maître, et invoquer la pitié, voilà ce qui restait de Gardiki.”—*Voyage de la Grèce*, par F. C. H. L. POUQUEVILLE, liv. iv. chap. 11.

And drowned in their own blood be mother and child,  
Old men, and maidens, in one heap up-piled.

Take fire and sword ! Be the head of the youth  
From the girl's bereft arms stricken off without ruth,  
And torn from the breast where yet trembling it clung,  
Let the babe at the feet of the mother be flung.

Let them leave all the joys they have tasted below,  
And know all the pains of death, ling'ring, and slow—  
Ay—fire and sword ! Let *one* grave's scattered  
mould  
The wreaths of the bridal and the dead bride enfold.

Fire and sword ! But what chills are these creeping  
around—  
Woe ! woe ! The sun seemeth by cold vapours  
drowned,  
From whence are these phantoms of dread that I see—  
Ye pale, headless corpses ! what will ye with me ?

Alas ! To my bed they steal softly and slow,  
And their wan ghastly heads they upon me would  
throw ;  
Their lips are announcing a doom of dismay,  
Leave, leave me ye brothers of Ali,<sup>1</sup> hence—away.

<sup>1</sup> Besides Ali and Chäinitza, their father Veli had previous to his marriage with Khamco or Hamco, two sons and a daughter by

He feareth a dagger in secret upraised.<sup>1</sup>  
Beware! in thy camp, Charon seeks thee amazed;  
They have planned—they have sworn—near—near  
    they come on—  
Woe! woe! It is *thy* blood they thirst for, my  
    son!

One hath fall'n, he hath fall'n, the elder is slain,  
The younger, though wounded, still struggles amain,  
A forest of swords whirleth o'er him,—O Death!  
Haste—haste and mine eyes with thy cold fingers  
    sheath.

Pity, pity me, Death!—Not yet cometh it nigh—  
I see a bare yataghan waving on high;  
They have seized him, alas! by his snows' whitened  
    hair,  
And hurl him down—pitiless—sight of despair!

Stay! stay! but ferocious the murmur of death—  
Woe! woe! 'tis *his* head that now falls to the  
    earth.

a slave, who with their mother fell victims to the jealousy of Khamco.—Dr. Holland, p. 104; also Duféy, c. II. p. 26. [Résumé de l'Histoire de la Régénération de la Grèce. Jusqu'au 1825, par P. J. S. Duféy, 3 vols. 18mo. Paris 1825.]

<sup>1</sup> Hamco affected to believe that his brothers were plotting against Ali's life.

Revenge ! revenge ! Moucktar ! Veli !<sup>1</sup> But behold—  
Whose hand is that now those heads severed doth  
hold.

The earth is o'ershadow'd—the Shades howl with  
fear,—

What monster of Hell brings these shudderings  
drear—

It hath flung itself o'er me—I stifle—Ali ! ”

But Charon hath seized her fierce soul and doth flee.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> A vision of coming retribution is here presented before Hamkos in the downfall and decapitation of her son in his old age, and of her two grandsons, Moucktar and Veli, who were beheaded by order of the Sultan some time previously, being then in revolt against their father. The poet brings so many events which occurred at long intervals in such rapid succession, and gives them so abruptly, that the translator has some difficulty in giving an intelligible reading.

<sup>2</sup> Hamkos died about 1790. This and the four following poems are arranged chronologically in reference to the events which they narrate.

## The Flight.<sup>1</sup>

—ARISTOTLE VALAÏRÎTÈS.

I.

“ MY horse ! my horse ! Omer Vrioni bring here—  
The Souliote is on us—the Souliote is near—  
My horse ! Dost not hear how the hot bullets pour,  
And whistle around us and threaten us sore !

See'st not those demons who there on the height—  
Like pebbles are hurling down heads in our sight ;  
Behold now the gleam as their flashing swords swing,  
And over the rocks headless carcasses fling !

My horse ! my horse ! See'st thou the slain on the  
ground—

Those are wolves which are growling and flocking  
around ;

The dark realm of death is before me, I see  
The wide jaws of hell which are opening for me !

<sup>1</sup> This poem records the panic-stricken ride of Ali Pasha to Janina by night after his memorable overthrow and the almost complete annihilation of his forces by the Souliotes under Lambros Tzavellas on 20th July 1792. See note, end of vol.



Hither—Vrioni!<sup>1</sup>—one moment—then free—  
I am safe from their talons as onward I flee ;  
My horse !—when I see that white kilt, well I know—  
’Tis thou—Lambro Tzavell’ my merciless foe !

See’st thou not ever that death follows nigh  
In the face of his yataghan whirling on high ;  
Well I know that one stroke from his hand at the  
heart—  
All flutterings straight cease—and all tremors depart.

My horse ! my horse quickly Vrioni bring here,  
The sun it hath’ sunk and the dark night draws near ;  
O save me ye stars ! give *one* ray, faithful moon !  
’Tis Ali Pasha now who doth ask thee a boon.”

Before him careering his good horse behold,  
As black as a raven, and glitt’ring with gold—  
Who shows like a flame—or a swift flash of light,  
Of pure Arab breed in which Northmen delight. .

He heareth the battle—his ears at the sound  
Stand erect, while the sparks from his hoofs fly around ;  
With nostrils distended—red gleaming and wide,  
He champs the bit—pawing the earth in his pride ;

<sup>1</sup> Omer Brionés was general-in-chief to Ali. He was a Greek by birth, and is stated to have served under thirty different flags without knowing why. His name is frequently written “Vrioni.”

Forward he springs from his haunches—a flash  
As his iron-shod hoofs cut the air as they dash—  
Scarce touching the ground like a meteor of light.  
Shame ever such steed should be mounted for flight !

Brave Lambro beholds him with envying eyes,  
And he biteth his lip as he secretly sighs :  
“ Ah barb all excelling ! hadst thou been with me,  
This day I had rode to Janina on thee.”

Then stricken with terror Ali Pasha flings  
One hand on the mane—on the shoulder upsprings ;  
And quick as the lightning or bullet's swift flight,  
Ali and his courser are lost in the night.

## II.

They are fleeing—they flee—Retribution is here,  
They are hunted and followed by pale ghastly fear ;  
The deep swarthy night and the dark clouds alone  
Their only companions—escorting them on.

Through the woods—leaping thousands of trenches  
on high,  
The spurs shedding blood-drops as onward they fly ;  
Like the sea in its onflow—the horse scatters foam,  
*Time fails*—whisper fears through Ali's heart that  
roam.

Along while thus speeding, the waving of trees—  
A falling leaf rustling—the murmuring breeze—  
A bird on the wing—gazelle bounding away—  
A streamlet that through the gorge taketh its way :—

All bringeth wan fear to Ali Pasha now—  
Cold, cold is the sweat that is bathing his brow ;  
The horse pricks his ears, not a sound, not a sigh,  
But rigid his feet, for a wolf passes by.

Ali with his fingers his saddle grips tight,  
Before him Tzavella is ever in sight ;  
And in phantasy drear, all around, it doth seem  
That bare blades are waving with murderous gleam.

Afar floats his beard, which is white as the snow,  
And hurled by the wild wind, and tost to and fro  
O'er neck and o'er mouth, as in elf-locks 'tis cast,  
It looks like pale scorpions which hunger and fast.

And like as the waves by the south wind when tost  
Beneath Night's dark shadows are hidden and lost,  
Yet as they roll forward, their spray mounting high  
Is a glitter of light on their crests sweeping by—

So thro' Night speeds Ali on his steed swift and  
strong,  
Like the wave in the darkness which rushes along—

A wave heaving heavily, black as the shade,  
Where the beard of Ali hath the white foam-streak  
made.

They are fleeing—they flee—as a whirlwind they're  
past,  
But fears are assailing the good horse at last :  
His knees are now trembling, they stagger beneath,  
With quick throbs of agony pants he for breath.

Ali Pasha cursing, his weakness derides,  
Still deeper he plunges the spurs in his sides ;  
The horse writhes with anguish, and uttering a  
groan,  
Makes yet one bound forward—then drops as a stone.

A bullet hath stricken his noble heart through,  
His ears they are drooping, on earth he lies low ;  
Still bravely he struggles to rise, *but 'tis death*,  
And the blood from his nostrils is flowing beneath.

So there, where his horse in last agonies lay,  
Ali stood transfixed as the life ebbed away.  
He gazeth upon him, and, restless and pale,  
Strains forward to listen, lest all sounds might fail.

For still he is fearing the balls of the foe ;  
He clutches his pistols from his girdle below ;

Whilst near him his courser, lying stretched on the  
ground,  
Moans yet, and his hoofs tear the earth' sods around.

With noise so distressful, he vainly would hear  
If those demons are still in-pursuit, or are near.  
Ali Pasha foams—now a spark, then a flash,  
And straight to that heart' depths the two bullets  
crash.

Convulsed—as appeareth a spectre of dread  
The horse gives one groan, one last groan—and is  
dead :  
His eyes roll no longer with fiery glare,  
But misty and dim on the high heavens stare.

## III.

He heareth the footfalls, the shouts of a host !  
Have the shots from the pistols betrayed him and  
lost !  
*Yet* nearer, congealed is the blood in each vein,—  
He plucks at the dead horse to raise him again.

His arms he reloadeth—one quivering hand  
Is groping down softly to grasp his good brand.  
He heareth his name, "Hither, Vizir Ali."  
And as tapers consume so his courage doth flee.

Again there are voices, and each time he hears  
That the tumult approacheth more near, still it nears ;  
With eyes wide distended, with spirit affrayed,  
“ Help, Omer Vrióni, help ! ” shouts he dismayed.

Ali Pasha thus pursued hotly and fast,  
Like a dying man enters Janina at last ;<sup>1</sup>  
But as long as he liveth, full oft 'fore his eyes  
The kilt of brave Lambro Tzavella will rise.

<sup>1</sup> Ali Pasha, through chagrin, did not leave his house for a fortnight after his arrival in Janina, and forbade the inhabitants to look from their windows or doors, in order that they might not learn the terrible disaster which had befallen him.

### Katzantonês.<sup>1</sup>

YE who ever saw him near you  
On the mountain ridges high,  
Partridge,<sup>2</sup> cuckoo, royal eagle,  
Swallows all who onward fly,  
Come and raise the song of mourning,  
Raise for him the chant of woe ;  
They have taken Katzantonês,—  
Mourn ye birds in wailings low.

Traitor priest it was betrayed him !  
When he takes the holy bread  
Sword may it be then unto him  
That shall dye his lips blood red.

<sup>1</sup> A celebrated Klepht who conceived the idea of freeing his country before events were ripe for it, and being betrayed, was executed with his brother at Janina under circumstances of great barbarity. See note on "Katzantonês" at end of vol.

<sup>2</sup> The partridge is a favourite bird with Greek poets, even employed in love-songs as a type of beauty.

"Les bartavelles ou perdrix Grecques sont très nombreuses dans toutes les montagnes ;" "descendant en plaine pour faire son nid et couvrir à l'abri d'une grosse pierre."—POUQUEVILLE, *Voyage dans la Grèce*, liv. xxi. chap. v.

'Round his neck a rope, and knotted,  
Straight become the sacred stole :  
Ne'er for him be found confessor  
Who shall dare absolve his soul,  
Ne'er for him be loving fingers  
Which shall close his eyes with dole.

George Hasote, his valiant brother,  
Ever watchful ward doth keep—  
Wakeful ever, whilst beside him  
Still doth Katzantonês sleep ;  
For the fever flush is on him—  
Yea, the fever burneth high.  
“ Brother, wake ! upon my shoulders  
I will bear thee, and will fly—  
Wake ! in slavery to bring us  
See our foes already nigh.”

“ Fly, and save thyself, my brother,  
Do not fret thy soul for me,  
But—an' if thou lov'st me truly  
Ask I now this grace from thee—  
Cut my head from off my shoulders,  
That no Arab<sup>1</sup> make it prey ;  
Up to Agrapha then bear it,  
To some chosen rock away.

<sup>1</sup> Jousouf Arabe, the most bloody of all the leaders under Ali, who had been previously in the service of his father Veli.



Give it to the rock to wear it,  
    Make of it its topmost peak ;  
Let it wear it for a helmet,  
    Hold it ever—who may seek !  
Come, O brother ! do it quickly—  
    Quickly sever it, nor stay,  
High that I may hence be soaring  
    Thither high to flee away,  
Where the dark clouds have their rising,  
    Where the lightnings have full sway ;  
When their smoke will bring remembrance,  
    When their flash will call to mind  
My poor gun, which now an orphan  
    Leave I in your hands behind,  
So that thou may'st love and tend it  
    And in it thy brother find."

George then knew this was the fever—  
    Knew this was the fever rave,  
And he flung him on his shoulder,  
    And he sprung from out the cave,—  
Bearing forth his precious burthen,  
    When he seeth straight in view,  
Sixty fierce Albanian soldiers,  
    Who with eager haste pursue.  
Each time they to him were nearing  
    Like a rampart firm he stood,

And 'fore Katzantonê's body  
Made defence with weapons good.  
(Joy be ever to the mother  
Who such hero sons hath borne !)  
Thus these two most valiant brothers  
Were pursued until the morn—  
Till the daystar came forth brightly,  
Which all stars then paled before ;  
And when George, the brave Hasotês,  
In his foot was wounded sore,  
When they took them both—and living  
Straight unto Janina bore.

So one dawning near the Plane-tree<sup>1</sup>  
Which from one small sapling grew,  
Ever broadening—ever spreading—  
Nourished aye by blood anew,—  
There with heavy irons laden  
Came they forth to meet their fate,—  
From those two grim cruel doomsters,  
Their last hour to await.  
Tools for thousand like achievements,  
Torches, hammers, anvil there !  
Scorpions from the earth out coming !  
All they look on—all are 'ware.

<sup>1</sup> 'Ο Πλάτανος was the place of execution in Janina for the "martyrs" of Greek independence. Note to poem. Valaôritês. The custom formerly was to plant a plane-tree, *platanus coclebs*, on the birth of a male child. See Pouqueville.

George, as though he had been weeping—  
Weeping for his brother dear,  
Gave one glance to Katzantonês,  
And then dashed away the tear.  
Where the brothers oft discoursing,  
Where the one the other told—  
By the cool and pleasant fountain  
All their youthful ventures bold,  
All Ali Pasha's<sup>1</sup> great terrors,  
Gheka's<sup>2</sup> zeal and fiery glow—  
Flashed a sword, on sudden waving,  
Fell a noble head full low.  
"Christ is risen, I'm o'erwhelmèd,"  
Katzantonês loudly cried,  
And a kiss—a deep, deep heart-kiss  
Wafted to him where he died.

'Mid the branches of the Plane-tree,  
All among its leaves so fair,  
As it were unto her harbour  
Fled and hid his pure soul there ;  
And it looked upon the brother  
Whom to martyrdom they bare.

<sup>1</sup> Ali Pasha, ordinarily brave and daring, was subject to great panics. See Pouqueville's *Histoire*.

<sup>2</sup> Veli Gheka, an Albanian in the service of the Satrap, celebrated for his encounters with the Klephts.

Stretched and bound upon the anvil,  
Then the two smiths smote him sore—  
Mighty strokes which flesh and sinew,  
Bone and muscle, bruised and tore ;  
But he looked up into heaven,  
Singing as the blows he bore.—

“ Smite, ye dogs, again, and hew me,  
Ye have Katzantonês here ;  
Ali Pasha with fire and anvil  
Ne’er to him shall carry fear.”

Then one hour long they hewed him,  
And their hands waxed faint and slack—  
Yea, the smiths were both aweared,  
So his faithful throat they hack ;  
And as on the sand outpouring  
Runneth forth his blood so red,  
Still they hear his song uprising,  
And its words in dying said—

“ Smite, ye dogs, again, and hew me,  
Ye have Katzantonês here ;  
Ali Pasha with fire and anvil  
Ne’er to him shall carry fear.”

Then the Plane-tree through its rootlets  
Straightway sucked his blood within,

Greedy, yet with understanding  
 Lest the earth might drink it in.  
 Thus there followed thence a harvest,  
 And it spread its branches wide—  
 Spread them strongly, yet in quiet—  
 Tufted foliage o'er each side,  
 Which Ali Pasha beholding  
 In his dreams at dead of night,  
 Shouted loud to bring the torches  
 Lest had come that day of light,  
 When the branches of the Plane-tree  
 Will crush the City in their might.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> There is a vast and distinct difference between the mountain heroes in revolt, who, with *the priesthood*, kept alive the seeds of freedom, and those robber bands who, like the Mohammedan Albanians under Ali and his father Veli and others, became rich by inroads on peaceful inhabitants, although historically they are equally named as Klephts. "Dans les villes maritimes le commerce grec prospérait, mais pour les hommes de l'intérieur, nulle issue que la montagne. La montagne, ce que dans les pays organisées on appelle le brigandage, ce que le monde officiel dans toutes les capitales nomme le rebellion. La montagne pour les Grecs était l'indépendance, la continuation de la lutte nationale, la guerre sans merci au conquérant dont on n'acceptait pas le joug. Ce que s'est dépensé d'héroïsme, de courage, d'opiniâtreté indomptable dans les combats que, pendant des siècles les Klephtes livrèrent aux musulmans, on ne le saura jamais. Les gorges des montagnes, les rochers, et les forêts ont gardé le secret des spectacles dont ils ont été les témoins. Les chants transmis de génération en génération, ont seuls conservé la mémoire de quelques uns. Nul n'a le droit de laisser périr dans le souvenir des hommes le nom des héros qui ont combattu pour la patrie comme l'on fait les montagnards de la Grèce."—JULIETTE LAMBER, *Les Grecs Contemporains*. Paris.

## Ἐβανασὺ Βαγία.

—ARISTOTLE VALAÓRITÉS.

I.

“ O PITY, gentle Christian hearts, have pity, God above  
Will bring you consolation, and will keep you with  
His love ;

Some tender mercy show unto a widow, lone and  
poor ! ”

Thus pleaded one poor woman at another’s humble  
door.

“ Fierce is the night and wild, I am mantled deep in  
snow ;

Must I perish on your threshold ? Have compassion  
on my woe,

For I too worship God ! O Christians, pity ! in His  
name—

Your kindly wicket open ! Not to eat your bread I  
came—

I do not ask for bread, for I have long since learnt  
to fast.

The poor feel for the poor ! Oh save, lest Death may  
come at last !

Give but two charcoals from your hearth, or reach me.  
but the light

Which you each evening kindle, which in the lamp  
each night  
Burns 'fore God's holy Mother, before the Virgin high,  
Pity! a little light—some light! Ah, help me lest I  
die!<sup>1</sup>

## II.

## CHILD.

“Mother, awake! dost thou not hear? at our door  
methinks some sound”—

## MOTHER.

“’Tis the wind which the boughs of the forest rends  
as it groans and whistles round.”

## CHILD.

“Mother, I fear, as a flutt’ring bird my heart is throbbing fast.”

## MOTHER.

“It is but the wild dogs’ howling—thysself in my  
fond arms cast.”

## CHILD.

“I hear loud shrieks and cries.”

## MOTHER.

“’Tis a dream thou art seeing, dear!

<sup>1</sup> For account of the infamous executant of the orders of Ali Pasha against Gardiki, see note “Thanasy Vayia.”

Turn thee around to sleep, and make thy cross, and  
cease to fear."

III.

MOTHER.

"Yes, at our door some groans I hear  
As of some soul in anguish near."

Straight she doth rise, and seeketh where  
Low on the earth a form was there.  
Pale was the face, with tresses torn  
Dishevelled o'er her shoulders borne;  
And icy cold her hands were prest,  
And crossed upon her drooping breast.

"Child, come hither and give thy aid,  
Real were those sounds thy spirit 'frayed."

Then quickly in their arms they bear  
The stranger, who their bed shall share.

"'Tis midnight, little darling! rest  
Near to thy mother's loving breast;  
And, stranger, sleep thou warm and well  
Till dawning fair good omens tell."



To child and mother hasteth sleep,  
 Their eyelids closed in slumber deep ;  
 But the eyes of the stranger are opening wide !  
 What form doth stand the bed beside ?

## IV.

## THE PHANTOM.

“ Why comest thou, Thanasy, to me here ?  
     Hath Hades then no sleep ?  
 Why comest thou to me, a thing of fear,  
     Before my eyes to keep ?

I laid thee in the grave—I laid thee deep,  
     And that is now long past ;  
 Have pity, Athanasius ! let me sleep,  
     Rest—rest to find at last.

They follow me—they follow where I go—  
     Thy cruel, cruel deeds ;  
 All flee me—none will helping pity show  
     For thy lone widow’s needs.

Stand off ! What have *I* done, Thanasy ? say,  
     That thou bring’st me this ill.  
 Pale art thou, and thou reekest of the clay !  
     A fleshly form hast still ? <sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> ὁ βρυκόλακας is a phantom whose body having been excommunicated is not able to be dissolved in the ordinary manner in the tomb. See notes on *Thanastis Vayias*.

Thy shroud is somewhat worn, upon thy brow  
 The worm doth pasture free ;  
 Accursed of God ! Behold where even now  
 They come to feed on me !

Tell me—whence art thou in this tempest drear—  
 List how the whirlwinds rave !  
 Tell me, whence art thou, that thou seek'st me here,  
 And leavest thy deep grave ?”

v.

“ In the darkness of the tomb,  
 As I lay this night hemmed round,  
 In the silence of its gloom,  
 With narrow serecloth bound,—

Through hollow depths there came  
 The owlet's screeching cries,  
 And she called me by my name,  
 “ Ho ! Thanasês Vayia rise !—

Rise ! thousand thousand dead  
 Are come to seek thee here.”  
 My bones they shook with dread,  
 I clutched my shroud in fear.

“Thanasy Vayia! lead—  
Thou know'st full well the way;  
To Gardiki we will speed  
Ere the coming of the day.”

And the angry dead with cries,  
Tore the black earth where I lay,  
And they laughed in mocking guise  
As they dragged me thence away.

Like a storm wind as we fly,  
The shivering earth doth quake:  
As the black cloud passes by  
The rocks and mountains shake.

Like a ship's unfurlèd sails  
The wind our sereclothes swells;  
The owl before us wails  
With ever mocking yells,

“Ho, Thanasy Vayia! now  
Thou once again shalt see,  
And thine own self avow  
The many slain by thee.”

And the many slain of me  
Gave as drink their blood again,  
Where on my lips thou'lt see  
There lieth still the stain.

And as o'er me they whet  
Their rage, a voice cries near,  
"Vizir Ali!—well met,  
Thou'lt find thy court is here."

Toward him as they swarm,  
None staying—then I fled  
Here hasting—safe from harm—  
To share my own wife's bed."

## VI.

"I have heard thee, Thanasy, but hence—away!  
Back to thy tomb—ere the breaking of day."

"But in my tomb for companions there  
I must now from thy lips three kisses bear."

"When oil<sup>1</sup> and when earth o'er thee was thrown,  
Thy mouth then in secret I kissed alone."

"Many the long years since that day  
And thy kiss hath the lower depths reft away."

"Off—thine eyes' wildness doth me affray,  
Piece by piece falleth thy flesh away—  
Hence, and thy bony fingers hide,  
Which gleam like daggers outspreading wide."

<sup>1</sup> Oil is always poured over the body at Greek funerals before committing it to the earth. See note.

"Wife, come hither, for I am he  
 Who so long time was beloved by thee ;  
 Shun me not now, I'm Thanasy, thine own."

"Flee ! to destruction thou'dst drag me down !"

. . . . .  
 . . . . .

Like a leaf while trembling and quiv'ring with fear  
 The true Cross it touches her fingers near.

Her relic hath saved the unhappy one,  
 In smoke from her side hath the phantom gone.

The owl without with screeching wide  
 "Thanasy ! Thanasy Vayia !" cried.

## VII.

"Wake, darling child, awake ! the dawn is breaking  
 o'er the hill,  
 Wake ! let our hearth be kindled, for the stranger  
 waits us still.  
 Fair morning to thee, mother ; hath the night brought  
 peaceful sleep ?"

"The wretched sleep but little, and mine eyes aye  
 vigils keep.  
 Farewell, farewell, good people, I must leave you and  
 away,

Still onward—onward moving, far off lies my out-  
stretched way.”

“ Why didst thou not awaken us, nor lone in silence  
mourn ;

Good mother, give thy blessing ere thou goest forth  
this morn.”

“ For all the loving charity which ye to me have  
shown,

May the good God sweet healing sleep for ever send  
you down ;

No richer gift the whole world hath—no better thing  
it sees,

And day and night I seek for it, and day and night  
it flees.”

“ Ah, mother ! sad-eyed Poverty keeps ever wakeful  
lids.”

“ Wealth I have known, but wealth doth fail as  
Time his chaplet thrids.”

“ We, hapless ones—like hunted wolves—we here  
this refuge found

That day when lone Gardiki was low levelled with  
the ground ;

Ah, woe is me—ah, woe is me—and *who* that mis’ry  
brought ?

'T was Thanasês! It was Vayia! who evil foully wrought."

"*His wife am I.*—Good people, make your cross and let me go,

Fetch holy incense—burn it—and be cleansèd from your foe;

For he this night was with us—yea, he stood beside us here:

Dear Christians, weep for me, for my sad days and nights of fear."

The child and mother crossed themselves, and stood in dread dismay,

As from their cabin-door she turned and sped her lonely way.

### Kleisova.<sup>1</sup>

—GEORGE ZALAKOSTAS.

A TURK went down to Kleisova  
With flag of truce in hand,  
And standing 'fore the walls he thus  
Out spake his lord's command :

“ Sons of the Greeks, the great Satrap  
Offer of grace doth send—  
To yield with honours, and withal  
Would treaty fair extend

If one there be who can discourse  
In tongue of Turk or Gaul,  
Straight let him forth for colloquy  
In faith and trusting all.”

<sup>1</sup> Kleisova, an islet in the lagunes of Missolonghi, is memorable for its heroic defence by Kitsos Tsavella with only 130 men, against the combined forces of the Satrap of Egypt, Ibrahim, and Kiutahi Rhesitès Bey. The writer of this ballad, George Zalakostas, was himself with his father and brother fighting at Missolonghi, and the poet to the end of his life devoted himself alike to the Muses and to military affairs. His poems are chiefly the narrations of the triumphs of the deliverers of his country, in addition to which, however, he has written some charming love lyrics.



Then Notês<sup>1</sup> on the walls who stood  
 A scorn defiant flung,  
 And from his lips in irony  
 This biting sarcasm wrung—

“We<sup>2</sup> speak one language, that of arms—  
 We all that tongue well know;  
 Bid your Satrap to bring his hordes  
 We'll meet him—but as foe.

And to his bond of love, we'll place  
 The bullet for a seal.”  
 Rage tore the heart of the Satrap  
 Though nought his looks reveal.

But opening wide his clenched hand,  
 Rhesitês<sup>3</sup> signing near,  
 He points to Kleisova, and says,  
 “Would'st thou win honour here

I'll keep the harbour with my spears,  
 Poros and Tolma's mine;<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Nótês Botzarês.

<sup>2</sup> ‘*Ἡμεῖς ἐμὲθα ἀγρόματοι, γλώσσας δὲν ἐμάθαμεν, ἐμάθαμεν μόνον τὰ πολεμώμεν*, was the answer given from the fort of Missolonghi; as also “*Between Greeks and Turks the only treaty is arms*,” ‘*Ὁ μεταξὺ Ἑλλήνων καὶ Τούρκων συμβιβασμός ἐστὶ τὰ ὅπλα*, also spoken from Missolonghi some months before the attack on Kleisova. ‘*Ἱστορία τῆς Ἑλληνικῆς ἐπαναστάσεως*, κεφ. ΝΗ.—ΤΡΙΚΟΥΠΙΣ.

<sup>3</sup> Kiutahi, Governor of Arta.

<sup>4</sup> Isle of Poros.

There stands unconquered Kleisova—  
This glory shall be thine."

Biting his lip Rhesitês said,  
"Those brilliant battles won,  
Were by thyself and spearmen gained  
When all the work was done—

When fire had laid brave warriors low,  
Like ashes strewn on ground ;  
For never in *dead* soldiers' hands  
Were flashing falchions found.

Not mortals they—but demon foes,  
Who those mud walls defend ;  
Mayhap my men may pause ere they  
With odds unseen contend.

Let be—to Kleisova I'll go  
If worsted in the fight ;  
Thy spearman let the Frenchmen lead,  
The saved we'll count at night."

At last the destined morn arrives,  
That shall the radiance shed  
Of glory, and undying fame,  
Around Tsavella's head.

See, where the fleet in circle formed,  
Comes on in thick array ;  
With fire and flame—in eager haste  
Kleisova low to lay.

The heavy fleet of boats bows down  
Beneath her guns' recoil,  
Our island staggers, quivering ;  
From bulwarks falls the soil.

But calm and quiet saves us 'neath  
That round of ceaseless fire ;  
Whilst vaunting loud, Rhesitês' host  
Breathes hate and vengeful ire.<sup>1</sup>

With flaming rage, and furious yells,  
They strive the walls to gain ;  
Four times from blood-stained flags they plant,  
The waters cleanse the stain.

Forced by our ardour, back they flee  
In wild disordered rout ;  
Rhesitês from the heights beholds  
And turns his horse about.

And hotly spurring to the shore,  
He bars the vessels' ways—  
And grasping climbs the foremost prow,  
And thus their landing stays.

<sup>1</sup> There was great jealousy between the Satrap and Kiutahi.

“ Whom flee ye now, O Turks ? ” he cries ;  
“ Shame, shame upon you fall ;  
There’s not one hundred men down there  
Enclosed by yon mud wall ! ”

The boats’ prows turn again, the Turks  
The stubborn fight renew ;  
The many slain are like a pall  
O’er those the first shots slew.

Like lightning’ flashes, quick we fire,  
Our shots the shore pile high ;  
When whizzing one blest bullet wounds  
The Vizir in the thigh.

Then follows flight more shameful still,  
Headlong the boats they seek :  
Ha ! how full oft the flying balls,  
Those fleeing knees made weak !

Whilst unto God we sing our lauds,  
Pale with wan terrors they :  
And thousands dead Rhesitês leaves  
In wet beds laid this day.

Mehemet’s son upon the shore,  
Mid legions, mocking said—  
“ The *demons* conquered thee, let’s see  
What *verve* our spears have bred.”

Casting a burning glance to Heav'n,  
He cried, " If God thou art"—  
But straight the blasphemy he stayed,  
And hid it in his heart.

Quick the well-trained Egyptian host  
Swarmed o'er the vessels' sides ;  
Not tumult-rife Albanians these,  
Nor curbless Asian tribes.

The trumpets bray their thousand blasts,  
The clashing cymbals clang ;  
Barbarian myriads from the shore  
On swimming horses sprang.

With slender spear and measured tread  
On come they—after each—  
O'er phalanx dead, as wave on wave  
Sweeps o'er the wild sea beach.

Terrific strife ! Egyptian hosts,  
Aye—ever coming on ;  
But Kleisova's unwearied swords  
To the waters sweep them down.

Death with his chilling breath of fear  
Full oft their lines disbands,  
But still a courage bred anew  
Bears back the wavering bands.

'Tis the third hour of struggle waged,  
Three hours of murderous roar ;  
But now will swords alone engage,  
For powder is no more.

Striking his brows the fierce Satrap  
Bids them his banner bear ;  
And leaves the tents, for onslaught new  
The brazen trumpets blare—

The trumpets blare, with measured tread  
The prompt battalions pour ;  
The waves they murmur 'neath their march,  
The wind gives back their roar.

Straight as one breast the many form,  
And flaming torches hold ;  
It seems the day of Doom hath come  
To those that scene behold.

From the mud walls of Kleisova  
A bloody streak appears—  
Th' Egyptians' lines are falling down,  
As fall the ripe wheat ears.

All 'round there surges deadlier strife,  
With hate and stubborn will,  
Those Arabs, or the scorching balls  
Or cleaving falchions kill.

Tsavella then with mighty shout  
 Crieth, "From walls why fight!  
 Forward! let swords this contest end.  
 Forward! on earth alight."

Quick from the walls we spring with zeal—  
 Quick flows the Arab blood;  
 Trembling they cast away their spears,  
 Fast flees the scatter'd brood.

No order now—in tumult wild  
 Fast do the leaders flee;  
 Most need no flight, for dyèd red  
 Their graves lie in the sea.

A blood-stained scene of woe beholds  
 That setting sun awhile;  
 But the struggle ended gloriously  
 For our poor barren isle.

Rhesitès leaves his thousands dead,  
 The Satrap some thousands clear.  
 And thirty heroes we laid in earth  
 The holy church <sup>1</sup> anear.

<sup>1</sup> Τῆς Ἁγίας Τριᾶδος, Holy Trinity.

See note on Kleisova, end of volume.

Rhesitès was most desirous to strike a decisive blow, as the Sultan had told him, "Missolonghi, or your head," ἡ τὸ Μεσολόγγι ἢ τὴν κεφαλὴν σου.—ΤΡΙΚΟΥΡΙΣ, Ἱστορία, κεφ. ΝΗ.

### John Galatos.

—ALEXANDER SOUTSOS.  
From *Τουρχομάχορ* 'Ελλάδα.

JOHN GÁLATOS—his one sole child,  
A little maid scarce seven years old,  
Followed him down the hillside wild,  
Fleeing a soldiery fierce and bold.  
Poor Katerina, clothed with grace,  
Fair as the cold moon's pallid face!  
"Father! Father!" her shrill tones rung.  
John Gálatos still onward fled  
From rock to rock, o'er chasms sprung,  
Nor stayed his feet nor turned his head.

From rock to rock, o'er chasms deep,  
The Turks behind, th' abyss below,  
With one strong bound, one desperate leap,  
John Gálatos is safe from foe.  
The helpless wife, for death, remains,  
His child for slavery and chains.  
He fleeth to another shore.

His heart is wrung through eight long years :



"Child! child!" he crieth, "Evermore  
Thy young voice thrilleth in my ears."

Across the Asian deserts bare,  
To Mulasa in Karia's plain,  
With one strong hope 'mid gnawing care  
The old man seeks his child again,  
Where on the hills the maiden spends  
Days weary, while the goats she tends.  
"The wretched girl had changed her creed  
To please her Turkish lord," they said;  
"And loss of reason was the meed  
Divine chastisement on her laid."

She stood upon the height, and bent  
Her gaze upon the depths below;  
Her wand'ring eyes no brightness lent  
When turning whence that cry of woe—  
"My Katerina,—it is I,  
My child!" "My child!" the rocks reply.  
The girl with deaf ears heard his prayer;  
As goldi'locks,<sup>1</sup> in fading stoop,  
Two lengthy plaits of yellow hair<sup>2</sup>  
Adown her pallid shoulders droop.

<sup>1</sup> Literally cotton-weed, *Helichrysum*, which is found growing frequently on the sea-shore, and has always a tendency to droop.

<sup>2</sup> The frequent mention of golden hair in the Greek poets need not appear strange. The old traditions consider the true Greek

Unmoved she stood, nor heart-glow knew,  
The stones not colder 'neath her feet ;  
No meaning from his words outgrew,  
No quickened sense his pleadings greet.  
But to the unpitying Heav'n fair  
She looked, and sang her plaintive air—  
"The cruel Turks they followed fast,  
My holy chrism from me tore.  
The heavenly gates are barred at last,  
Alas ! I am not Christian more."

"Ah, thrice unhappy ! sing not so,  
Strong shudderings wring my wretched frame ;  
I am thine only cause of woe—  
I, who now boast the father's name !"  
He beat his breast, his hands he wrung,  
She looked upon him, and still sung—  
"The cruel Turks who followed fast,  
My holy chrism from me tore.  
The heavenly gates are barred at last,  
Alas ! I am not Christian more."

"My daughter ! can'st not pity yet ?"  
The old man pleadeth through his tears.

race as an auburn-haired race, and there are many fair-haired heroes in Homer. I have myself seen many light-haired, auburn, and even red-haired peasants.

"I am thy father—dost forget?—

Hath Time so changed me with the years?

Alas! not Time, but Grief's strong flow

Hath worn these furrows on my brow.

I lost thee a mere babe—again

Thou com'st to me in woman's grace.

O bless'd old age! my long heart-strain

Breaks into joy at thy dear face."

Then from her eyes two sudden streams

Of tears like fiery fountains shine;

A thrill of passion through her gleams,

She makes the last and holy sign,

Then o'er the abyss herself she flings,

And through the air her wild song rings—

"The cruel Turks who followed fast,

My holy chrism from me tore.

The heavenly gates are barred at last,

Alas! I am not Christian more."

"She tore herself from my caress,"

John Galatos cried, "she shunned my face;

She feared yon yawning chasm less

Than her cursed father's fond embrace.

Twice she would no pity show,

Twice she spurn'd me, nor would know.

O Heav'n ! on me—on me outpour  
All—all thy wrath and vengeance dread.  
Flash lightnings—loud ye thunders roar—  
On this thrice doomed and wretched head.”

## Our Grandmother's Girlhood.<sup>1</sup>

—KOSTËS PALAMAS.

“THAT thou art daughter mine, in sooth thyself  
must show this day.”

Thus spake my father. “Through thy breast *I will*  
no terrors stray

When with a pistol in thy hand I bid thee stand  
me near,

Nor 'mid the firing lest a bullet strike thee shrink  
with fear.”

So saying, 'round my neck he hung the holy wood of  
grace :

Like ruddy apples on the tree so flushed with red  
my face,

<sup>1</sup> In the summer of 1881 there were borne through the streets of Athens the remains of an aged woman, in the complete costume of a Pallikar, which dress she had worn during the terrible days of Missolonghi, and had treasured in secret since those times. When upon her death-bed, she referred her relatives to a chest which contained the long-cherished clothes, dear from the memories which clung to them, and requested with her dying breath that she might be buried in them. This fact, recorded in the daily papers of that year, is evidently embodied in the poem from whence this extract is taken.

As rough capote and goodly vest he clothed me  
 with straightway,  
 When fustanella white as snow hid maiden robes  
 away,  
 And when beneath the manly garb and fierce display of war  
 I from a tender shamefast girl became a Pallikar.

He willed me at the cannon' side ever to stand him  
 nigh,  
 With water to refresh his lips as oft as parched or dry,  
 To swell my cheeks that o'er his brow a breath of air  
 might play,  
 And from his ever-dreaded blade to wash the blood  
 away.  
 "Cosmetic<sup>1</sup> none, nor golden coins—but powder and  
 ball I hold,"  
 And hear from all—"the daughter *this* of our Philios  
 bold!"

There lay before us in the field th' unnumbered  
 Turkish host.  
 Brave were our bands and true—and well worthy this  
 our boast,

<sup>1</sup> *Cosmetic* = *φκιασιδι*, was a rather coarse kind of rouge which appears to have been in use among the Greek as well as Turkish girls many years since. The *golden coins* = *φλωριά* were the many strings of florins worn around the neck as an ornament about the same time—the florin being a coin much in use before the Greek revolution.

With them my father's knowledge — my father's  
veteran skill ;

And hither came his daughter night and day with  
fearless will,

Hasting amid this warring crowd, through all this  
raging flood,

Which from the deadly conflict fresh, was drunken as  
with blood.

Honour to those young warriors—to all those patriots  
true,

And the strangers, those brave Suliots, staunch  
Pallikars all through,

And mid the firing foremost aye ; and ever, I aver,  
Though oft in camp ill disciplined and turbulent they  
were,

Yet never, never, once from them were girl or damsel  
near

Came word that was not fitting for a modest maiden's  
ear.

But Life and Honour both for me with all their  
blessings lay—

One in my fustanella, one in the cross of grace that  
day.

Brave Philios' daughter learnt she was his very child  
in sooth !

Dear children they who knew me in those days will  
vouch this truth—

A girl with every youthful charm, trembling like leaf  
on bough,

Took a fresh life beneath the cross and seemed trans-  
formed now.

Where maiden weapons<sup>1</sup> on her breast once rung with  
silver sound,

Now silver ring the manly arms, her kindling heart's  
rebound.

As though the white kilt that she wore had charmed  
her with strange pow'r,

Soon as she donned it girl was she no longer from  
that hour!

Nor think ye that I idly stood with calmly folded  
hands,

Where all my valiant brethren strove for life with  
flashing brands,

Where flew the flame wing'd bird of death the ever  
murderous shell,

Where onslaught fierce woke suddenly with ever  
murderous yell.

. . . . .  
As like a falcon swift I fly, what dreadful scenes are  
those

The paths I speed disclose.

There with their closed teeth firmly set, and hungering  
as for blood,

<sup>1</sup> *Apurara*. See note to Drosinés' Folk Song, "The Magic of Love."



The beardless striplings of the war in line awaiting  
     stood ;  
 Each eye upon a gun though fixed, kindled with lively  
     glow,  
 Nor turned aside to gaze on me as I went to and fro.  
 The only eyes, alas ! alas ! that looked upon me  
     there,  
 Were dimm'd and agonis'd and pain'd, fill'd with a  
     sad despair—  
 The eyes of those whose pour'd-out blood flow'd round  
     them for their bed,  
 Who with clench'd teeth yet strove to keep the life  
     which slowly fled.

Such memories not here nor now can I recall at will,  
     Save with a shuddering thrill.  
 How was it then, and with what heart, bore I, O God,  
     that life,

    With the horrors of that strife ?  
 Maybe it was our dire despair, the manly kilt maybe,  
 That thus so fortified my soul, and bade pale pity flee.

. . . . .

Dear children, learning, knowledge all, was judged  
     in days of yore  
 For men alone befitting ; books with all their treasured  
     lore

Were not for maidens' good, said they, they learnt  
not by the book,

Lest on the written words of love their eyes might  
chance to look!

But Misery was the one school now in which we both  
were taught—

There learnt we the same lesson, and from out one  
book well-fraught

With teachings wherein other learning faded quite  
before—

Our bitter slavery 'neath the Turk, and its debase-  
ment sore ;

For male and female equal both, and teachers every-  
where,

For great and small, for young and old, around us,  
here or there,

Or in the mother's lullaby, or in the grandam's  
curse,

Or in the father's blessing, or the maiden's fears, or  
worse—

In old wives' fables—village tales—in every game or  
play,

At all our maimèd festivals enslavèd memories stay.

For ages we had heard the fiery alphabet of death,

And the Turks and demons both we exorcised in one  
breath.

And as the damsels for the dance would range them  
in a row,

Like unto this the murmured song which would in  
chorus flow—

“Sooner may I behold the earth with my life-blood  
dyed red,

Than e'er upon my eyelids should a Turk his kisses  
shed.”

One day as I across the hill to seek my father  
went,

A dread and awful blast on high the heavens  
resounding rent;

And suddenly the mighty hosts innumerable out-  
pour—

For onslaught and for ruin spreading wide along  
the shore.

Ne'er had I heard a shout like that which tore the  
wounded air,

“The Turks! the Turks are coming on our camp,  
—prepare, prepare.”

From height to height upon the wing the guns their  
lightning sped,

The crimson waters of the trench, the putrefying  
dead,

Are thrown up intermingled with the thousands  
newly slain,

Their battalion in the marauders' midst is hurled  
back again.

The deadly bullets as they fly, hiss as they cleave the  
air,  
As though it were in mocking jest of those they  
slaughter there.

. . . . .

One fleeting moment I was stone, and then, with  
strong rebound,  
I woke again, fresh courage took, and through the  
tempest bound;  
And like a swift-wing'd frighten'd bird, with terror  
at the strife,  
I seek my nest, I seek again my father, my dear  
life.  
At the Great Gun I saw him from a distance as  
I sped,  
With tall and stalwart form upreared, and bare, un-  
covered head.  
The Captain of the Pallikars, his swift glance fixed  
beneath;  
Around him are the showering sparks, beyond the  
fires of death.  
Above his cannon towering high, holding his torch  
he stands,  
That cannon he had lifted and had placed with his  
own hands.

. . . . .

A wide breach had been opened and our camp was  
being scaled,  
The crimson flag with its one star upon the wall was  
nailed,  
When promptly on the moment his loud cannon he  
uprears  
As his own column wavering falls back with sudden  
fears—  
“The demons are upon us, we are slain,  
O Lord Christ, help us yet again!”

My father swift but quietly as a mother doth arise  
To lay her babe i' the downy cot where unawaked it  
lies,  
So with both hands embracing—what iron hands  
were those  
Which the strong cannon pose!  
Then one good aim, one dread report, and to the  
Shades below,  
Together with their banner, he despatched the  
murderous foe,  
Hurling them backward from the breach, and as the  
routed fly,  
A mocking laugh rose high.

. . . . .  
While laugh and scoff, re-echoing, were ringing far  
and wide,

I softly whispered "Father," as I stood by his dear side.

He looked on me with kindling gaze—one hand his torch still grasped,

And with his left, one moment more, his child he fondly clasped.

In the one hand there was death—in the other was his life,

And near him was a fair-haired youth—a nursling of the strife,

On me who gazed : loose streaming o'er my shoulders fell my hair,

My stout belt all unclasped fall'n down, left my white bosom bare !

He bent him o'er his gun again—mine eyes with shame downcast :

That youth became — well, children, well — your grandsire dear at last.

I love thee ! O dear garb ! in thee shine forth those days of old—

Honour and glory in the vest, and its cordons bright of gold,

Capote and fustanella, and 'bullets for battles' whirl,

The aged woman loves you with the ardour of the girl !

No, when the crowns of marriage<sup>1</sup> they were placing  
     on my brow,  
 Such joy not even then I knew, nor such delight as  
     now,  
 When I behold them all spread out, again before me  
     laid ;  
 For I ne'er won such triumphs as a fair and black-  
     eyed maid  
 With charms long fled, as then I won when under  
     your control ;  
 With you—with you awoke the inmost feelings of  
     my soul.  
 He loved me—him I loved full well—I found my  
     husband true ;  
 And from drear slavery's pangs was saved through  
     him alone—and you.  
 That night my fatherland was lost, my father,  
     wounded, died ;  
 With you I fled unto the hills—half dead—heart-  
     broke beside ;  
 For through my fair-haired soldier and the love that  
     cloth'd me o'er,  
 My body was not given as a morsel for the Moor.<sup>2</sup>

. . . . .

<sup>1</sup> The floral crowns worn by bride and bridegroom are *alternately* placed on the brows of each.

<sup>2</sup> Jousouf.

. . . . .  
 And now when drawing near I see the hour when I  
 must die,  
 Bring forth again the raiment loved, that I may see  
 them nigh.  
 For Charon will not seem to me so cruel and un-  
 just,  
 If in those garments I with them resolvèd be to  
 dust.

At the very last moment a message had been sent to Miss-  
 onghi, demanding the surrender. The answer was, 'Αποθνήσκομεν,  
 ἀλλὰ δὲν προσκυνῶμεν, "We can die, but we do not yield."  
 Ἱστορία τῆς Εὔναστας.—Τρικόντες, κεφ. ΝΗ.



## The Rock and the Wave.<sup>1</sup>

—ARISTOTLE VALAÏRITÉS.

“ FALL back, thou Rock, and let me pass ! ” thus spake  
th’ embolden’d Wave  
To the crag by the hollow shore which the strong  
and lashing waters lave.  
“ Fall back, against my breast thou’st lain long while  
full hard and cold,  
Whilst the north wind nestled in thee and the fierce  
wild tempest rolled.  
Light sands are not the arms I bear, nor empty hollow  
moans,  
But a stream with blood bestainèd red which hath  
broadened with my groans.  
The curse of the world is with me, the world which  
’pressed me sore—

<sup>1</sup> This poem, called an allegory by the poet, was written for and dedicated to the political guild at Corfu, called the Regeneration, ‘H’ *Αναγέννητος*, in 1863, in order to celebrate the 42d anniversary of the day of the Rising, March 1821. In it are expressed all those strong hopes and beliefs in his country’s future greatness which are the leading features in the writings of Valaïrités.

The world which crieth now to thee: "Fall, rock—  
thy day is o'er."

I came to thee in silence—creeping—trembling—and  
afraid—

A slave! but at thy feet I dug, and deadly hollows  
made.

Thou looked'st on me with mocking scorn, in jest  
thou bad'st the world

Laugh at the frothy foam by light winds tossed aloft  
and whirled;

But where I seemed to kiss thee, there—in secret—  
night and day,

I ate into thy body, and I gnawed thy flesh away.

The deep wound which I opened, and the lake cut  
by my hands,

I covered them with sea-weed, and I hid them in the  
sands.

Bend down and see thy roots that once struck deep  
below the sea,

Thou'rt but a hollow pebble, and 'tis I who've wasted  
thee.

Fall back, thou Rock, and let me pass, the feet of thy  
poor 'slave

Shall tread upon thy neck—I wake as a lion from  
my grave."

The Rock in stupor sleepeth on, whilst hidden there  
it seems

As 't were the winding sheet of Death which through  
the cold mist gleams.  
The pale moon casts her half-quenched rays upon his  
wrinkled brow,  
And shows the jagged rents. The curse of ages  
sweepeth now  
Across his dreams, while dismal shapes within the  
whirlwind meet,  
And flapping wings of birds unclean who Death's  
foul odours greet.

A thousand times the Rock had heard the murmur of  
the Wave,  
A thousand times had heard unmoved the fearful  
threats she gave ;  
But now, to-day arousing, he doth shudder while he  
pleads—

“ What would'st thou, Wave, from me, why dost thou  
threaten, what thy needs ?  
Who art thou that thus darest ? who instead of cool-  
ing streams—  
Instead of song from rippings sweet—to lull me in  
my dreams,  
Doth stand erect before me, crowned with foam and  
rearing high—  
Who, and whate'er thou art—learn this—not easily  
I die ! ”

"Rock! 'tis *Revenge*! the cup the Ages made me  
drink was scorn,  
The dregs were bitter, but I grew beneath the  
anguish borne:  
Once I was but a tear, look on me now, behold and  
see  
An Ocean have I grown unto, fall down and worship  
me.  
That is not drifting weed thou see'st wide spreading  
o'er my breast,  
But hosts of living souls, and strong in angry just  
unrest—  
The curses of the Hell thou didst create, awake *thee*  
now.  
Thou mad'st of me a grave, and thy burthens weighed  
me low,  
Thou dravest me to other shores; my tears—and my  
soul's strife—  
Were but a scoff, whilst alms and doles were poison-  
ing my heart's life.  
*Fall back, thou Rock, and let me pass—my quiet calm*  
*onflow*  
Shall swallow thee and pass along—*I, thy remorse-*  
*less foe."*

The Rock was mute—the Wave arose in wrath and  
swept along—

The hollowed Rock gives way, engulfed within the  
current strong.

It is lost in the Abyss. For awhile the angered sea  
Rages above, but soon in peace roams onward broad  
and free.

And where a wall of stone once stood there now a  
harmless wave

Sporteth in playful rippling above the hard Rock's  
grave.

**IDYLLS AND ODES.**



## The Slave.

—ARISTOTLE VALAÛRITÉS.

OPEN wide your pinions

Faithful, tender dove,

And to the far-off battle-field

Haste thee hence for love.

The way is long before thee,

And thou must fly alone;

Spread—spread thy plumèd winglets,

And speed thee—speed thee on.

And when thou go'st through cloudland,

As thou dost cleave the air,

And comest where the lightnings

Are sitting brooding there—

Ah! then, dear dove, bethink thee,

Or burnt may be the thread

Which ties the words I've written ;

Would then that I were dead !

And when thou see'st the billows

With foamy crest uprear,



Upon the far shore dashing  
As though to bring it fear—  
Bird, do not thou then linger,  
Nor near the breakers stay,  
For those deceiving waters  
Would wash my words away.

The waves are ever pitiless—  
For water thirsting still,  
And they would rise above thee  
To drink their greedy fill  
Of the tears which now are standing  
On the letter thou dost bear :  
Ah ! may I die ! if *he* see not  
The words I've written there.

And if, along thy pathway  
Through ether far away—  
O faithful dovelet of my heart !  
Upon some fair spring day  
The sad and joyless swallows  
It chanceth thee to meet,  
Give them this kiss in loving,  
And their dear coming greet ;

And tell them my heart' sorrow,  
And how in piteous truth,

In the harem of a Moslem  
Doth fade and pale my youth ;  
And bid them near my window  
Not to forget to rest,  
But straightway come, and near me  
Build up one little nest.

But if when thou shalt meet them,  
Thou findest them dismay'd,  
Pursued of churlish winter,  
And sadden'd and afraid,  
Remember, dove, thy pinions  
To preen again with care,  
And lift thy wings before thee  
Like a boat' sails spreading fair.

While thus ye voyage together,  
Thou shalt in whispers low  
Confide to them each secret  
That weights thy heart with woe—  
Those swallows, dove, remember  
To tell them as ye fly  
That two long years are number'd  
In slavery whilst I lie.

And there when first arriving,  
In their first tumult gay,

Bid them beseech my brothers  
To bear me hence away ;  
And ever in the dawning  
Remind them in their song,  
How in this land of Turkey  
I'm weary—waiting long.

But thou, my dovelet, speeding,  
Still onward—onward fly,  
To where the Klefts are holding  
Agrapha's<sup>1</sup> mountain high ;  
And seek my Life—my Lambro,  
My love who aye shall be,  
And give this kiss in secret  
With those fond words from me.

And pray him with this greeting,  
That I be ne'er forsook,  
For I am fresh and lovely  
As the waters of the brook ;  
And say how I'm endanger'd,  
How tyrannised my state,  
But say—that for a glance of mine  
How thousands still await.

And if he of my girlhood  
Some mem'ry yet doth keep,

<sup>1</sup> The stronghold of the Klephts.

If sometime in his dreaming  
He seeth me in sleep,  
Oh bid him hither hasten,  
And high his falchion wave—  
For poor Arêty trembleth,  
And liveth, still a slave.

If some had pluck'd his violets,  
And their sweet scent inha'd,  
If they'd breath'd upon my roses,  
And they had drooped and pal'd—  
Less sorrow had it brought me,  
Nor had he made such moan.  
Ah, youth, soon, soon it withers  
In slavery drear and lone !

# The Bell.<sup>1</sup>—(To Σήμαντρον).

—ARISTOTLE VALAÓRITÉS.

BLOW ! blow ! O north wind, blow !  
 And filled sails speed ;  
 Blow ! blow upon the oars.  
 My hands they bleed,  
 My fingers scorch,  
 The row-locks burn beneath.  
 Parched are my lips,  
 And spent my fainting breath.

<sup>1</sup> By the "Σήμαντρον," whenever the word occurs in modern Greek literature, it is mostly intended to signify that particular form of bell which superseded the κώδων after the taking of Constantinople by the Turks. The κώδων, or metallic bell, had been introduced into Greece A.D. 872, the first one being a present from Burgundy to the Byzantine emperor ; soon after which it was universally adopted all over Greece. Their conquerors, however, considered the clang as expressive of insolence, and forbade to the Christians the ringing of the κώδων. A substitute was therefore devised, framed of wood and pieces of metal combined, by which a more dull and deadened sound was produced, and this instrument was the σήμαντρον. The first is stated to have been manufactured from fragments of the Great Bell which had been removed from the Church of St. Irene in Constantinople and broken up.

—"Βασιλική ὑπόδ," N. E. Μακρή, σελ. 87.

Other water have I none, O sea, but thine—  
With thine I wet my mouth, but bitter is thy brine.

A sea which hath no wave,  
On the shore to burst,  
Seemeth like two sweet eyes  
For tears athirst.  
Or a throbbless heart,  
Or hopes which ever lose,  
Nights with no dawn,  
Nor rain of fresh'ning dews.  
Love without dreaming, Pindus void of snows,  
Or wingless bird, or nightingale which ever songless  
goes.

Blow ! blow ! and to my love  
Bear me once more ;  
She is ill—lest she should die  
Doth fret me sore ;  
Can a cloud be lost  
E'er hath been lost a wave,  
To a heart that loves  
Could the world become a grave !  
Ye are mute, ye scarcely breathe, O hills ! O valleys  
dear ;  
Good wind ! north wind ! have pity—m̄y father, O  
north wind, hear !

Lingering with me last night  
The beach along,  
My mother clasped my head  
With feeling strong,  
Sweet was the kiss  
She gave me as she blest,  
And bade me soon  
Come back to her lone breast ;  
O wind ! north wind ! my mother for me doth sigh :  
She is old, if she see me not, alas ! she will surely  
die.

Once more his wearied trembling hands he moistens,  
once again  
They grasp the oars which strike upon and beat the  
sullen main.  
'T would seem as though the sorrows which his hapless  
bosom steep,  
Lift up the sailor's oars on high and plunge them in  
the deep.  
The north wind listens not to him, neither the dark  
sea-wave,  
And still the stretched-out ocean lies like marble o'er  
a grave.  
The sailor looketh on his boat which rests on her sea-  
bed  
Like to a pleasant dream which oft o'er tranquil  
sleep is shed ;

Nor dares he stir, nor dareth he to sleep lest chance  
it may  
That her shadow make the sails its wings, and flee  
—yea, fly away.

Beautiful was the widowed Night—a widow though  
newly wed,  
Who longeth for her beloved one—by Fate returning  
led.  
How many are th' enamoured eyes which her afresh  
behold,  
And she remaineth all unmoved, with hands which  
clasping fold.  
The Heaven for her adorning his myriad stars doth  
bring,  
And unto her he holdeth out the moonbeams for a  
ring:  
He offers her a thousand clouds, he offers flow'rs  
and dews,  
And she remaineth silent still, nor once the heaven  
views.  
The plane-tree his green glorious boughs before her  
spreadeth wide,  
And the hands of the deep black cypress stretch forth  
unto her side,  
As though they were desiring the lovely Night  
t' embrace,



And longing with their fingers her dark hair to inter-  
lace.

And she remaineth silent still, she looketh for the sun—  
The golden sun so wholly fair, who love for her hath  
none.

She turns her eyes unto the hills—to the woods—and  
to the shore,

To see if that bright shining one will not return once  
more.

And yonder on the sea instead, the black-eyed  
nymph sees now

The sailor who is mourning—lonely sitting on the  
prow.

No longer lifteth he the oars; his boat moves not,  
whilst he,

Turning away, awaiteth mute the hand of Destiny.

Often, full oft adown his face the tears which rolling  
flow

One after other fall upon the lifeless sea below—

Those tears the dark deep swalloweth; but should a  
tempest come,

And shake with strength the sleeping wave, whit'ning  
the shores with foam,

Who knoweth where those tears will fall, who knows  
but where *she* stands—

The mother, waiting his return will find them on the  
sands.

The Night beholds him 'plaining, and she openeth  
her wings,  
And then around him silently her peaceful arms she  
flings ;  
She softly clasps him unto her, and raineth on him  
dews,  
And wipeth off with fingers light the tears his eyes  
suffuse.  
His youth's fond dreams she layeth as a pillow for his  
head,  
And secret balmy breathing hopes she streweth for  
his bed.  
Then as he sinks in slumber sweet her lips they  
softly stoop,  
And kisses lay upon his lids which yet half open  
droop  
And quiver as the dove's soft wings that tremble o'er  
her breast,  
When secretly she spreadeth them to brood upon her  
nest.  
And thereupon the sailor dreams that his own love  
draws near,  
Who comes to seek him, bringing him a kiss, and  
finds him here ;

And he smileth sweetly in his sleep, as doth the  
suckling smile,

Believing that its mother's breast its lips still press  
the while.

The Night that smile beholding, deep joy her heart  
possessed,

And she took it for adorning, and wore it on her  
breast;

And then she rose up silently, nor would she break  
his rest,

But gracefully she moves away to hide her in the  
West.

And still at every step she takes she turneth back  
her head,

To look upon the sailor whom she leaves in that lone  
bed.

And thus at last the dawning breaks, when through  
the woods are heard

The chanting of the shepherds, and the chirping of  
the bird;

The husbandman<sup>1</sup> his two good oxen yoketh with all  
speed,

<sup>1</sup> Mons. Pouqueville, in his "Voyage de la Grèce," gives a similar picture, with one exception, "Au point du jour le paysan grec prend son hoyau, fait le signe de la croix; et chargeant ses instruments aratoires sur les épaules de sa femme, précédé de ses bœufs, il se rend au champ," Liv. iv. chap. vii. It would seem now that the seed-bag, &c., are carried upon the shoulders best calculated to bear

And with the goad just pricking them, straight to  
 his field doth lead,  
 He cries—"Come, Bee; come, Beauty," and laden  
 with his plow,  
 With his seed-store on his shoulders, thrice happy is  
 he now!  
 The herdsman much rejoicing like a gazelle doth  
 spring,  
 Casteth a morsel to his dog, and forth his flock doth  
 bring.  
 Deep drinking of the foaming milk, wherewith his  
 cup he fills,  
 He bids his sheep to follow him, and goeth to the  
 hills.<sup>1</sup>  
 Then waking—to the heavens high the starling flies  
 away,<sup>2</sup>  
 That it may meet in gladsomeness the morn's first  
 op'ning ray.

them, from the general demeanour of the women, as seen by a recent visitor among rustic scenes. "All the faces are bright, songs and laughter resound everywhere, and above all rise the shrill exhortations and reprimands of the women to disobedient or tired oxen, every one of whom has its own name (as in the poem), derived generally from its colour. Hence the appellations often sound strange, as "Hey, Black Eyes;" "Go within, White Lips;" "Here, Dove," &c. *Ἀγρότικαι ἐπιστολαὶ ὑπὸ Γεωργίου Δροσίνῃ.*

<sup>1</sup> Nothing ever appealed more to my feelings than the picturesque scene of these dark-browed shepherds preceding their numerous flocks over the hills, and cheering them on with voice and gesture.

<sup>2</sup> "Innumerable flocks of starlings arrive in Greece in April." *POUQUEVILLE, Voyage de la Grèce.*

The doleful mother waketh too, who prays her son's  
return,  
And calling on Our Lady's name, doth to the ingle  
turn ;  
With withered fingers wipes away the tear-drops  
from her eyes,  
And lights again the quenched fire : anew the sparks  
arise.  
And the world recalled to busy life waketh to care  
again—  
Sorrow and Hope together wake—joy, poverty, and  
pain.

And 'mid this fresh tumultuous life which o'er all  
Nature breaks,  
The wave of the shore awaketh, and the little vessel  
takes ;  
The currents draw it on and on, whilst for one  
moment more  
A strong wind bloweth lustily to waft it to the shore ;  
And still the sailor sleeping lies as the bark is skim-  
ming on,  
As though some secret mystic hand were urging it  
along.

A bell through the silence boometh, it sounds a  
funereal knell,

“Clang ! clang ! what meaning hath it—whose death  
hath it come to tell ?

The valley it doth re-echo it—clang ! clang ! it moans  
again,

And the wind that is carrying it hath fear for that  
sorrowful refrain.

Spell-bound the boat stays motionless, her sails flap  
with unrest,

Her masts are creaking, and her cords hang quiver-  
ing on her breast ;

The stream stirs not, as though 'twere changed to  
marble it doth lie,

And still clang ! clang ! booms the passing bell—who  
hath now come to die !

The heart of the sailor lying there is troubled in his  
sleep,

The whilst before him in a dream bright hopes and  
gladness sweep ;

His lids are wide distended—wildly his eyes they  
roll :

What tones were those he seemed to hear that with  
tremor fill his soul ?

But hushed is the bell in silence now, all still—none  
other sound—

None other than his own heart-throbs, which beat  
with strong rebound.

Was it a cruel dream, and flown as a bird away doth  
fly ;  
Or did he shiver in the chill of a zephyr passing by,  
Which from the mouth of the dawning came and  
ere 't would wake him there,  
Had softly breathed in sportiveness among his auburn  
hair ?

Now comes the wished-for shore in view, and now  
the heights appear,  
And from afar the village-cots are showing white and  
clear.  
The sailor with a clutching hand graspeth his oars  
anew,  
And swiftly again they are gliding his manly fingers  
through.  
The sea is cut in furrows as behind him foam-clouds  
fly,  
Whilst he upon those village-homes doth fix a stead-  
fast eye :  
He gazeth on the smoke-cloud that is rising from  
each roof  
Thick, black, and dense—he breathes again, hope  
comes for his behoof ;  
And in the blindness of his joy one roof he seeth  
not,  
From whence no smoke is issuing—he noteth not  
that cot,

The which alone is keeping its two windows closed  
fast,  
As if indeed the hand of Death had o'er its eyelids  
past.

The sailor hath sped, hath swiftly sped, his boat hath  
flown as the wind ;  
But yet he believeth ever it hath slowly lagged  
behind :  
Deeply the oars he plungeth down, 'neath his strong  
hands they bound,  
They are grating within the row-locks, and the  
splinters fly around.  
The sailor he nothing feareth—at once to his feet he  
springs,  
And quickly into the ocean's midst, baring himself,  
he flings.  
His hands and his arms are measuring the wide waters  
which he beats,  
And his ample chest is dispersing far the thousand  
foams it meets.

The waves unto the swimmer are a hope and a delight :  
As though he were a dolphin he goes through them  
in his might ;  
And many thousand thoughts are those that rush into  
his mind,



As though it were the last last time they could an  
entrance find.

And he thinks upon his cottage home, remembering  
the day

When with his mother he a youthful stripling went  
that way.

They went together through the storm—through the  
black tempest's roar ;

To seek and find his father dear they went unto that  
shore.

He remembers how they called him by his name the  
whole night through,

He remembers how upon the sands their necks they  
crouched low,

Before a wave which frenzied came as to the shore  
'twas borne,

And brought with it that corpse beloved, sea buffeted  
and torn.

He remembers how they buried him close to yon  
cypress tree,

Which near the lonely little church afar he now can  
see.

He remembers when they hollowed out and heaped  
again the earth

Above, where the dear body of his father lay  
beneath—

That near unto him weeping stood a gentle maiden  
there

(And she too was an orphan), sprightly, innocent, and fair.

From childhood they had loved, and now above the father's grave

They were betroth'd, and fond embrace his mother, blessing, gave.

He remembers that belovèd one—that mother calls to mind—

And griefs, and joys, and dreams within his heart their birthplace find

Like frothy foam which ever crowns the crest of our youth's wave,

And quenched in vapour melts away like incense o'er a grave.

. . . . .  
. . . . .  
. . . . .

### Death Ode.

IN the dawning 'mid the dewing a rose was blooming  
gay,

In the dawning mid the dewing the rose had paled  
away.

A nightingale 'mong its green boughs right joyfully  
did sing,

And built therein a little nest for this one gladsome  
spring ;

The spring will come again, and the bird in loving  
quest,

But where—but where the nest ?

When the moon led out her shining train with all  
the starry bands,

They looked on it with longings deep, and stretch-  
ing forth their hands,

As though they wished it with them in their own  
bright home above,

They said that it was one of them—the sister of  
their love,

Who, wandering through the heavens and alone, had  
missed its way.

O stars! O stars! too soon, alas! you've called it  
hence away.

There were who heard the nightingale which sang  
the boughs among,  
Might say, "No lay of gladness this, but a funereal  
song."

There were who saw the glistening rays which had  
the heavens left  
To glint upon and shimmer through the leaves of the  
bereft,  
Could say, "These are not gladsome lights, nor  
shining lamps of joy,  
But tapers which in funeral trains the mourners'  
hands employ."

In the dawning 'mid the dewing a rose was blooming  
gay,  
In the dawning 'mid the dewing the rose had paled  
away.  
Had the north wind passed along, and with chilling  
blast been there,  
And, cruel lover, looking on that rose so fresh and  
fair,  
Made its sweetnesses his prey,  
And bore them on his wings away?

So withered now, so wan its leaves, you'd say long  
time the morn  
Had passed it by, nor given dew to freshen and  
adorn ;  
Or one might say 'twas like a bloom that doth un-  
timely fade,  
Which on a silent shrouded form some loving hand  
hath laid.  
A grace and charm to shed  
Around the dear one dead.

In the dawning 'mid the dewing a rose was blooming  
gay,  
In the dawning 'mid the dewing the rose had paled  
away.

I know not, but one saith indeed that yesternight  
and late,  
A form was seen which swept along like smoke by  
breezes blown.  
And black his horse as midnight deep, or dark as  
darkest Fate,  
And light as zephyrs flown.  
He held a pale rose in his hand, which to a bare  
stalk clung,  
And as he sped along the heights no tear from him  
was wrung.

He only said to the waves that saw him and shrunk  
away,

“Tell me, O wavelets, tell,  
Is not this rose most lovely?” To the grass which  
dying lay,

Where the hoofs of his courser fell,  
“Say, am not I then worthy, am I not fit to wear  
A rose so fresh and fair?

Is not Death’s breast made beautiful by flowers with  
such hue?”

Alas ! too true, too true !

### All Souls' Day.<sup>1</sup>

WITHIN thy shadowy depths, O cypress drear,  
I' the midnight hour will come and linger near  
A father, who has lost his daughter fair ;  
And night and day he wand'reth ev'rywhere,  
But seeketh her in vain. All whom he asketh, say  
They have not seen her pass, and weeping turn  
away.

'Neath the moonbeams yester eve  
He sought her cherish'd tree,  
And prayed it of the lov'd one  
Who came to gather free  
Of its roses for adorning,  
When to holy church she'd go ;  
And it answered soft and low—

<sup>1</sup> When writing this poem, and the Death Ode, it is probable that the poet had in his mind his daughter Maria, concerning whose recent death he says, in the dedication to the vol. *Μνημόσυνα*, addressed to his friend Emilius Typaldos, "I feel pressing upon my breast all the earth I threw over my beloved Maria." *Ποιήματα Ἀριστοτέλους Βαλαωρίτου*.

" I saw her every morning,<sup>1</sup>  
And like myself, most fair !  
My roses she would number—  
Were one missing there  
She would chide me, and would say,  
' Although great the love she bore,  
She'd forsake me evermore.'

But she'd pluck, tho' blaming,  
My dew-besprinkled flow'rs,  
And deck her snowy bosom,  
Shedding scented showers ;  
All who saw her then would say,  
Looking on my blushful hue,  
' She's in sooth thy sister true.'

Tell me, tell me, Father,  
' Lest she angered be,  
Hath she bid thee hither  
To say she comes to me ?  
Three days have I awaited  
From her rosy mouth a kiss,  
And still her dear presence miss."

<sup>1</sup> " Dans l'ancienne littérature, pour l'instinct grec, l'homme n'est pas un être isolé au milieu de la nature inanimée et des autres êtres,—tout est doué de la vie,—des arbres, les rivières, les montagnes, les parents defunts sont toujours à venir apporter secours ou conseil aux membres survivants de la famille. La même croyance, ou plutôt la même foi, s'observe dans toute l'école Epirote."—LAMBER, *Grecs Contemporains*.



He goeth to the night flow'r, .  
He sees it pal'd away :  
"Flow'r," he saith, "what aileth thee,  
Thy colours why so grey ?  
Yester eve for thy refreshing  
Did my Mary fail to bring  
Cooling waters from the spring?"

"In the night's most solemn hour  
With waking lids I wait,  
Hoping Mary still would seek me  
Coming as of late,  
When methought I saw her stand  
Close within a moonlight ray,  
And with the moonbeam flit away."

And thus while low it whisper'd, a voice was heard  
anear,  
And these the words in mournful tones that met the  
father's ear—

"I saw her borne along by four,  
With flowers o'er her strown,  
In every eye that saw her pass  
Were tears of pity shown ;  
The Holy Cross on high before,  
Priests behind—in order meet,  
Lighted tapers—incense sweet.

Yes ! I saw your Mary stretch'd  
Upon her wooden bier ;  
But seek her not within the church,  
Her grave thou'lt find is near,  
Where the smoke of incense now,  
Curling round, ascendeth high  
From the earth where she doth lie.

If thou longest her to meet,  
There is dawning festal great,  
When to-night the dead rejoice,  
Going as in bridal state  
From their tombs in sereclothes white,  
To taste the holy cakes <sup>1</sup> so fair,  
That hands of loving friends prepare.

When the midnight draweth near,  
And the birds to chirp begin,  
Come thou then, and mourn alone,  
Close the cypress shade within.  
Then as All Souls' day is here,  
To thine arms she'll come once more,  
Asking kisses as before."

<sup>1</sup> Κόλυβα, cakes of remembrance made of boiled corn, and offered on the day of burial, All Souls' Day, and the anniversary of death, first blessed in the church and then distributed to friends, relations, and also given away to the poor in the streets. The custom is of ancient derivation. These wheaten cakes are also given away in the churches on the first Saturday in Lent.

Behind the Sanctuary there  
 To wait and watch he went.  
 And when boom'd forth the midnight hour,  
 The tomb its covering rent ;  
 And his Mary, clad in white,  
 Gliding to his loving breast,  
 On his lips her kisses prest.

"Sweetest Father," saith she then,  
 "Thou seest I am cold ;  
 If 'tis true thou lovest still  
 Thy Mary as of old,  
 Come and share my tomb with me,  
 For the darkness doth me 'fright  
 All alone in Hades' night.

See the winding sheet is wide,  
 'Twill cover us full well ;  
 Let us hence, for soon, behold,  
 Skies will dawning tell.  
 I am trembling and a-chill,  
 For I'm but a fragile thing,  
 Lonely left and sorrowing.

. . . . .  
 . . . . .

Behold, what dainty bed is here !  
 They took from out my hair,

The roses which from mine own tree  
I'd plucked and twinèd there,  
And now they widely scattered lie  
All o'er my winding sheet below,  
Which shineth white as purest snow?"

. . . . .  
. . . . .

There, while he clasped her warmly—there, whilst  
her lips he kissed,  
She glideth from his fond embrace, and passeth as a  
mist.  
The bird doth sing the dawning, and dazzling breaks  
the day—  
Mourn for the lovely maiden—for the father mourn  
alway.

## The Two Angels.

—JULIUS TYPALDOS.

WITH black and outspread wings,  
By Night's o'ershadow'd breast,  
The Angel of Death went forth  
Out of the veiled West.  
At his onward flight the winds,  
The rippling brooks were stilled ;  
And the silence of the grave  
At once all Nature filled.

The Angel, lo, of Life  
Flew from the other side,  
And fragrant scents untold  
In his path he scatter'd wide ;  
The stars above rained down  
A sweet mysterious light,  
And from the earth sprang forth  
Green grass, and flowers bright.

And midway in the heav'ns  
Met there the angels twain,

When earth, and sea, and stars  
Paused tremblingly again—  
As by the Last-day's summons  
They had surprised been,  
When they saw thus paired together  
Life and the dread unseen.

## ANGEL OF LIFE.

“ Restrain thee—oh restrain  
Thy pinions' darksome flight ;  
How many gleaming joys  
Before them quench in night !

## ANGEL OF DEATH.

“ How many too the sorrows  
That oft my hands resolve,  
When o'er the joyless mortal  
The clouded years revolve.”

Still onward through high ether,  
Go the Angels side by side ;  
When from on high beholding  
A girl in beauty's pride—

Who with all tender graces,  
Mid all her youthful charms,

*THE TWO ANGELS.*

Shall be borne off whilst resting  
In her loved bridegroom's arms.

At once they down descending,  
With wings that swiftly move,  
Unseen—the twain together  
Enter the shrine of love.

The scented bridal garments  
Lie scattered all around,  
And in the chamber hanging  
Two bridal wreaths are found.

*ANGEL OF DEATH.*

“Thou art sleeping, fair one,  
In thy loved one's arms,  
But warm hearts grow colder,  
Fading youthful charms;  
Whilst thy breast encloseth  
Paradise—depart  
Whilst for thee—enkindled,  
Throbs another heart.”

*ANGEL OF LIFE.*

“Brother—of her beauty  
Wilt thou not have ruth?”

ANGEL OF DEATH.

“The guileless soul e’erliving  
Breaks her mortal chain ;  
Pure and clothed for heaven  
Seeks her God again,  
Where shall ne’er be quenched,  
Or loveliness or youth.”

Three days have hardly glided,  
Three days scarce sped along,  
Since from that door outpassing  
With gladsomeness and song,

A fair girl much belovèd,  
A comely youth beside ;  
And in each breast a heaven  
Of blissful hopes that hide.

And now from that same portal  
With bridal robes o’erspread ;  
The same fair girl—Oh, hapless !  
Goes out—but borne forth dead.

Together back through ether  
Flew then the angels twain,  
And there rose as they went onward,  
Singing, and sorrow’s plain.



*THE TWO ANGELS.*

Hardly the Day hath shinèd,  
Ere 'tis by Night surprised ;  
The rose in the earth decaying  
Whence fair it sprung so prized.

Sorrow and Joy unwearied  
Betwixt them a chaplet weave,  
Which round the brows of mortals  
An unknown hand doth wreathe.  
One hastens on and striveth  
Joy to secure and bind ;  
But who flieth ever forward  
The other alone will find.

### The Child and Death.

A CHILD as fair as a flow'r of May,  
Sits on a river's bank one day,  
And throws red blossoms in its tide,  
To see them o'er the wavelets glide.

Like lightning gleams in the waters fair,  
The perfum'd locks of its golden hair,  
But still unchanged the waters flow,  
And, tossed aside, the roses throw.

#### CHILD.

"O graceless river ! thy banks carest,  
Are all with roses and myrtles drest ;  
Yet thou thy waves fling'st evermore,  
O graceless stream ! to a far-off shore :

Whilst I all bliss and gladness find  
Within my mother's arms confined."

A wave from the other side now strove  
To seize the flower thrown from above,  
When from amid the waters bright,  
Arose an old man—hoary, white ;  
The child it gazed on his silver beard,  
But looked in his face and straightway feared.

DEATH.

“Why sitt’st thou, O little one, lonely here?”

CHILD.

“I await my mother, who draweth near.”

DEATH.

“Within these arms my darling come,  
I’ve looked for thee to share my home.”

CHILD.

“Thy garments and form are moist and cold,  
Chilled are all those thine arms enfold.”

DEATH.

“I’ve strown the flowers thou’st given me  
All o’er me lest cold should reach to thee.

Never on earth before my eyes  
An angel like to thee did rise.

Come to my place, there are gems in store,  
Pastimes, and songs ne'er heard before."

CHILD.

"How will my mother's heart be torn  
When seeking,—she'll find herself forlorn!"

DEATH.

"Thy mother knoweth my home full well,  
And seeking, will find thee where I dwell;  
Where thou liest in my arms, she'll wend her  
way  
Thither at dawning and close of day."

CHILD.

"White robes and a flower-coronal  
She prepareth for Christmas festival."

DEATH.

"To the church, all clothed in shining white,  
She will bear thee like an angel bright."

CHILD.

"Old man, my mother upon her breast  
Sings me with sweet lullabies to rest."

DEATH.

"Thou on my breast all hush'd will keep,  
And without dreaming ever sleep."

CHILD.

"At night my mother will lie awake,  
And longing for me her heart will break."

DEATH.

"Throughout the night all still and lone,  
So soft, dear babe, I'll lay thee down,  
That in her loving arms 'twill seem  
She clasps thee in a happy dream."

CHILD.

"The flower I tend at break of day  
Unwater'd will wither and droop away."

DEATH.

"For thee are blooms of thousand hues,  
And night-stars on them shed their dews."

CHILD.

"Pale is thy face, thy glance is drear,  
Old man, I look on thee and fear."

DEATH.

"Thou'lt shed o'er me so bright a ray,  
'Twill chase the dark mists all away."

CHILD.

"I hear my mother's wailing cry."

DEATH.

"The wind amid the boughs doth sigh."

CHILD.

"What stifling sobs the winds repeat!"

DEATH.

"The murmuring waves the hard rocks beat."

CHILD.

"Mother, I'm here with sleep opprest,  
Let me now lie upon thy breast."

DEATH.

"Behold this flower entwoven bed,  
What perfumes sweet the earth doth shed!

Now lie thee down dear child, the kiss  
Thy mother brings thou shalt not miss,

When black night cometh all in shade,  
To earth down droop'd, a flower doth fade."

CHILD.

"The lake hath quench'd the sunbeams bright,  
A thousand colours flash with light."

DEATH.

"A new quench'd ray resembleth there  
A golden bird which cleaves the air."

CHILD.

"Sweetest kisses around me play  
And unknown songs"—

DEATH.

"It hath passed away."

CHORUS (on high).

"O Earth, O Stars, ring forth and say  
'The Saviour—He is born this day.'"

ONE VOICE.

"Awhile, O Angel, stay the song divine,  
One other little seraph comes to join its voice to thine."

And now the joyless mother draweth near  
To seek her darling, and she finds it here  
Like a lily lying in a flower-bed—  
And kisses it while trembling,—*it is dead.*<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The present version is more in accordance with the metres of the original than my translation which appeared in the *Academy* of September 22, 1882.



## Easter-tide.

—ELIAS TANTALIDES.

IN the church there is perfume of bay,<sup>1</sup> "Christ is  
arisen" they sing;

A song of joy thou too my love, wilt thou not from  
thy heart's gladness bring—

See'st thou the dance? see'st thou the kiss?  
Easter-tide aye bringeth bliss.

The flowers of Spring they are placing on every  
brow,

Let thine own adorned be now.

"Christ is arisen" they sing, I will see if thou'lt now  
say me "Nay,"

Or if as a Christian thou'lt give the triple embrace  
of to-day.

<sup>1</sup> The boughs of the bay-tree are universally used for church decoration at the festival of Easter, as on Palm Sunday, which day, from the substitution of bay for palm branches, is called Κυριακή τῶν βαΐων, the Sunday of Bays.

What! wilt thou the kiss deny?  
Little coquette! stay, stay, O fie!  
My fond soul is pleading while standing beside my  
lips' gates  
Thy rosy mouth where it awaits.

List the voices, and see the gay smiles when children  
and strangers now meet,  
As within the church-porch all around they with  
kisses each lovingly greet;  
If *thou* Easter passest o'er  
Christian art thou now no more.  
So long have I fasted for thee, that standing before  
thee again  
I am quivering in every vein.

The crimson eggs<sup>1</sup> hither bring quickly; come, let  
us strike them, and see  
If thou art conquered—a kiss in thy cheeks' laughing  
dimples for me!

<sup>1</sup> This refers to a custom among children, especially popular among boys, where one holds a red Easter egg with the top uppermost, and another holding one the reverse way strikes that beneath, and he whose egg is cracked or broken forfeits it to the striker. Here the forfeit was a kiss. The day preceding Easter piles of these red eggs are exhibited in all places for sale, and are seen in course of preparation in every homestead; after Easter is well ushered in, the ground is literally strewn with fragments of red shells.

Place thine egg mine own below—

'Tis broken—I'm the victor now :

Ha, ha ! in no-wise indeed will we break our agree-  
ment in this,

So give me—give to me my kiss.

## Lenoula.

—DEMETRIUS VIKELAS.<sup>1</sup>

“LENOULA ! see'st thou not I've donned my gala garb  
to-day,  
My gold-embroider'd camisole, my silken sash so  
fine !  
My crimson shoes—what comeliness ! what goodly  
grace is mine !  
Do I not look as though to bridal feast I'd haste  
away ?  
Ah ! when will God so honour me that I thine own  
may see !  
Why dost thou blush ? Is it for fear lest thou a nun  
become,

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Vikelas has not devoted himself for some years to writing poetry ; it has been of late that, as the accomplished translator of Shakespeare into his native tongue, he has been more generally known—an undertaking in which his admirable rendering can hardly be too highly spoken of.

Or suitors none presenting, stay husbandless at  
home ;  
Or dost thou think that beauty, wit, is lacking unto  
thee ?

Thou'rt fair, a maid of noble birth, and well endowed  
with mind,  
And a good, right worthy husband, my Lenoula,  
I shall find.

Who knows ! maybe in Lárissa to-day I'll meet with  
one,

And I who go alone this morn may bring me back a  
son—

A son-in-law of station high, with curled fair hair  
and tall.

Why dost thou turn away thy head ? What doth  
that blush recall ?

Ho ! Pallikars ! away—away, the sun declineth  
now,

Our restless horses paw the ground in our court-yard  
below ;

Away—I will to Lárissa ere darkness doth us  
find,

Where lovely eyes will look at us the *jalousies*  
behind.

The Turks with low salaams will greet when meeting  
on the way,  
And the mother 'll tell her child, and the old man  
tell his son,  
How Lambro Krabariti into Lárissa rode on—  
With ten brave lads—ten Pallikars, in brave and rich  
array !  
The Pasha too will behold us boys, and see what  
soldiers bold  
Those wolves are which our gorges and untrodden  
valleys hold.”

Old Lambro and his ten young men on like a torrent  
swept,  
The dust from their swift horses' hoofs like a thick  
cloud upthrown.  
And Lenoula at her window stood all pensive and  
alone,  
And she followed with her mournful gaze that dash-  
ing troop, and wept.

What seeth the maid 'mong those eleven riders who  
depart ?  
Alas ! her father goes to seek a husband for her hand—  
And she sees the youth she loveth well among that  
little band :  
She loves him, and none other knows the burthen of  
her heart.

That heart hath scarce put forth its blooms ere from  
grief it fades away,  
Weep, poor Lenoula ! weep, for thee a life-long woe  
doth stay !

## The Dance and the Grave.<sup>1</sup>

—SPYRIDON LAMBROS.

HE sees the foaming of the lashing wave,  
He hears the roaring of the tempest wild,  
He looks intent on Death, and on the grave,  
But heedeth not, for Daring is Love's child.

He heedeth not. His light and fragile boat  
Trembles within the fierce waves' heavy swell,  
Now high, now low borne struggling, yet afloat  
It touches first the clouds, then nears to Hell.

He heedeth not. If Death is lurking there,  
Where howls the storm, or in the upheaved wave,  
Or if a watery bed they straight prepare ;  
To him what is this death, and what the grave !

He heedeth not. It is for one loved face  
Strain forth his tear-impassioned eyes alone ;

<sup>1</sup> This poem was written in extreme youth, Mr. Lambros having for many years devoted himself to philosophical studies alone.



One look alone to catch, one sign to trace,  
While the strong current draws his doomed skiff on.

Beyond the gulf he sees the crystal doors  
Where the high roof is filled with flashing light,  
Where for the rhythmic dance gay music pours,  
And thinks of forms in joyous movement bright.

And sometimes to these doors there draweth near  
(Which the hot breath of dancers hath made dim)  
A well-curled head, in angel' outline clear,  
Some straying lock to rearrange and trim—

Whilst he unhappy with the whirlpool's rage  
Sharp wrestling, heedeth not its uncontrol ;  
Enough that *her* he sees, who doth engage  
His every thought, the loved one of his soul.

Well born was she, and on her snowy breast  
Flashed diamonds, and the girl was wondrous fair ;  
And to her grace wealth gave its splendid zest.  
But worthless all—no woman's heart was there.

And he, poor youth, had somewhere beauty, ere  
Th' unwearied sun had marred his marble brow.  
Nor gold hath he, nor gleaming diamonds fair,  
But deeper riches doth his true heart know.

Ah ! what the charm of flowing silk attire,  
The flow of graceful wit, the well-turned phrase—  
Could these in me divinest Love inspire  
Where they the heart's best sympathies erase ?

Long did the boatman gaze upon that door  
(Who from afar a closed book can read),  
He without hope—his boat, no rudder, more  
Nearer those frightful rocks to ruin speed.

Long, long intent he gazed ; the whirlpool now  
Engulfs both boat and man, and all is o'er.  
A broad sea flows, a deep deep grave below.  
Tears for the dead the running waves' outpour.

There, where in careless joy the gay feet move,  
Within is heard the poor boat's echoing crash ;  
And from the opening door—a head above  
Looks on that sea the wild storm' winds that  
lash.

A sudden lightning which the darkness rent  
Showed scatter'd fragments which the wild waves  
strew ;  
Not one small tear with pitying looks was blent  
Where the closed doors a smiling face withdrew.

Again the dance, again the music's swell,  
Again the glass is dim. Out, out, alas !  
A man is drowning ! Sad Fate rings his knell,  
Whilst others laugh and jest and sing and pass.

/

### Before the Panagia.

—ACHILLES PARASCHOS.

WITHIN thy quiet church I come again,  
O Virgin Mother, all my griefs to tell—  
I come to speak to thee of my heart's pain ;  
None other have I, as thou knowest well.  
Joy of the world, thy pity on me lie ;  
My Mary she is ill, I fear lest she may die.

O Queen of Heaven ! Earth's fair shelt'ring stay—  
Thy gilded picture sees me here alone.  
Alas ! *she* cometh not with me to-day  
To light thy candles—dimly art thou shown.  
Who will bring incense, Lady, floating high,  
If my dear love, if my dear Mary die ?

I have not sought the healers, Lady mild ;  
To thee I come to make my Mary well.  
Oh, by the first glance of thy Holy Child,  
By His first smile, His pure youth's thoughtful spell,  
By His hard cross, and crown of thorns, I cry  
To thee to save my Mary, lest she die.

Do me this good, sweet Lady, and I'll light  
A lamp above thy holy picture—fair  
As her dear form, and as her pure soul white,  
Bright as her eyes to sparkle 'fore thee there.  
Ah, grant me but this grace, O Lady High,  
I would not that my Mary—*she* should die!

Yes, if I've ever brought thee fragrant flowers,  
If I have ever incense to thee thrown,  
If I have wept thy Holy Son's sad hours  
(My Mary's name too, is it not thine own?)  
Give me, oh give Life's dewy plant, that I  
May give my Mary, lest that she may die.

## The Child and the River.

—GEORGE VIZIENOS.

IN silvery ripples a stream flows on,  
A child looks in it and laughs with glee.  
What harm have its crystal waters done?  
What harm can the wavelets bring to me?

Two lilies, they float on the limpid way,  
And here, and there, they are crossed awhile,  
So the child doth think they have words to say,  
And to him they are making some sign the  
while.

Now here, now there, he to them doth lean ;  
The river it passeth along with joy ;  
But what do the yellow lilies mean ?  
And what do they wish to tell the boy ?

To a willow-branch he clingeth now,  
That little one who doth long to hear,  
Alas ! when suddenly snaps the bough—  
He is whirled away in the waters clear.

At once there is quench'd his eyes' sweet light,  
At once his cheeks show the roses' loss ;  
When down drop those yellow lilies bright,  
And lie on his body and form a cross.

What child to a river who draweth near,  
Seeth not good in all things there ;  
What harm can come from the wavelets clear—  
The rippling wavelets that look so fair !

**The Dove.** (To Τρυόνη.)

—GEORGE VIZIENOS.

THE little birds in pairs  
Fly through the woods abreast ;  
The little birds in pairs  
Sleep by the shrouded nest.

One only, whose poor heart  
Is wrung with grief, doth stay—  
Alone all through the night,  
Alone all through the day.

Yet this too was belovèd,  
And joyed in its dear mate,  
And sang for very gladness  
Of its most happy state.

But when one early morn  
They fondled as they flew,  
The sportsman came, and straight  
The dear companion slew.



No other it desires  
To gladden and to sing ;  
It seeks no other friend,  
None other love can bring.

And aye it mourns, alone  
The woods it flieth round,  
And dimmeth as it drinketh  
The water-brooks there found.

From anguish and from grief  
It slowly pines away.  
And there, alone, in silence,  
The poor dove died, they say.

## The Anemone.

—GEORGE VIZIENOS.

A ROCK upon the hill-side  
Doth with himself commune ;  
A streamlet runs before him  
With ever-sounding tune.

An anemone who blossoms  
Upon the barren stone,  
Bends down to learn what meaning  
Lies in that song's gay tone.

And overmuch inclineth  
From the base whereon it clings ;  
“ What song is that which ever  
The running voyager sings ? ”

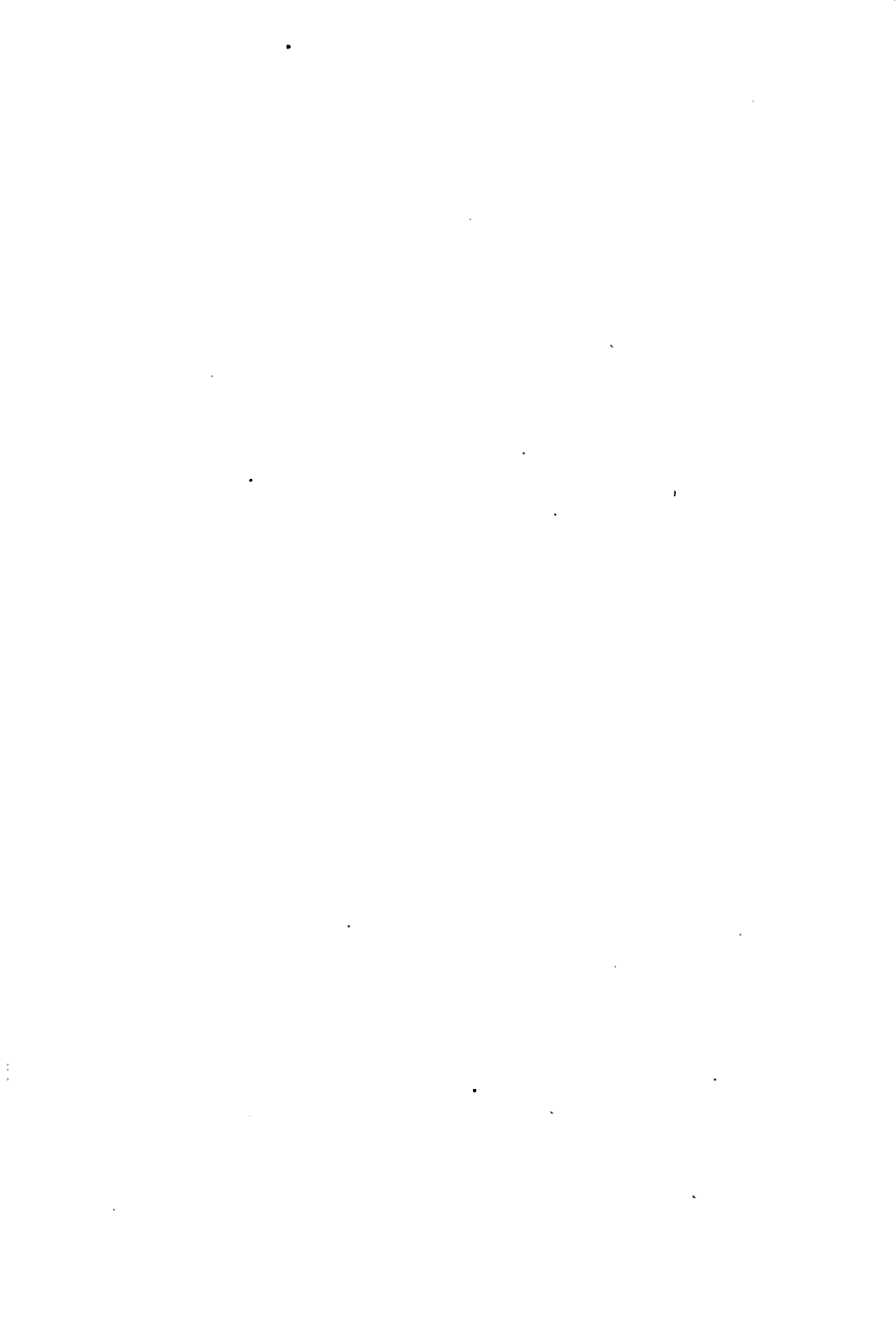
A beauteous arm he singeth,  
Extending with delight,  
Of a lovely shore somewhither,  
Which waits him day and night.

“Would I were she,” she crieth,  
“Who meets his fond embrace!”  
And the flower lower stoopeth  
To kiss the streamlet’s face.

But as she down is bending,  
The river’s ardour strong,  
Strips from her all her leaflets,  
And with him whirls along.

Now standeth she despoiled,  
A lone and barren stock;  
Why, why then did she loosen  
Her hold upon the rock?

**POEMS OF SENTIMENT AND FEELING.**



## The Poet.

—GEORGE ZALAKOSTAS.

GRIEF knows not sleep. Upon the mountains' height  
White mists are hanging still,  
Whilst over rock and hill  
The dawn is quiv'ring bright.

Both herbs and grass drink in the dews of Night,  
The birds with warbling meet,  
And rising breezes sweet  
On the stream cut furrows light.

Nereids unseen their golden crownlets plait  
Upon the mountain-brow,  
I' this mystic hour now  
All round the angels wait

Fair dawn, wherein all Nature breathes forth sweets  
From flower, bough, and leaf.  
The heart that feels no grief  
With joy thy radiance meets.

A poet-youth draws near a limpid spring  
With eyes suffused in tears ;  
The list'ning silence hears,  
What sighs his bosom wring !

“O joyless Night ! thy face seems like mine own !  
Yet with what witching spell  
Thy charm upon me fell  
When flowers my path had strown.

Among the trees the little birds renew  
Their songs of faithful love,  
Whilst I in this lone grove  
A fleeing shade pursue.

Yet once these woods were Paradise to me—  
Here, where soft dews are nursed ;  
Ah fool ! who Fate accursed,  
On earth would pleasures see.

Hereafter if some other come to mourn,  
And in sad tones and low  
Shall 'plain a hidden woe,  
Tell him of me forlorn—

Tell him of Chryse, full of youth and grace,  
A queen the dance among,

To whom the maiden throng  
Would aye yield chiefest place :

How fine her softly pencilled brows, how sweet  
Her calm eyes' gentle light !  
Those coral lips so bright  
In none—none other meet !

What did her youth or loveliness avail  
With stern remorseless Fate ?  
Death looked on her but late,  
Soul hunter grim and pale !

Call me not ingrate—lilies, birds, and streams !  
All ye who knew her well !  
Without her, can I dwell  
In this vain world of dreams ?

Here where I wander heavy, dull, and pale,  
I would my soul could pass,  
Since Life is Hell, alas !  
And Death, a Festival."

Death hears, and ere the almond trees of Spring  
Put on their fragrant bloom,  
To his lov'd Chryse's tomb  
The hapless youth they bring.



Two trees they plant upon the sacred place :  
These cast soft shadows 'round,  
And when loud winds resound,  
Their boughs with love embrace.

## To a Star.

—JOHN KARASUTSAS.

O THOU who in yon ether's boundless vast  
Doth show so doubting and uncertain light,  
As glittering shells from depths of ocean cast,  
Now lost to view, now back, with gleaming bright :

Should that amass of diamonds which gem  
The heav'ns be God's mantle over all,  
Thou art a little brilliant on the hem  
Of those thick folds which round the Maker fall ;

But if no garment, but an altar high,  
Where thousand, thousand lights in worship burn,  
Thou a small lamp, a spark from the northern sky,  
One holy ray will yet unceasing turn.

Yet if this firmament, if this great dome,  
With all its emerald and sapphire host,  
Nor altar is, nor raiment, but outcome  
Of worlds on worlds in long extension lost—

Parent of Beauty art thou then—and Light!

A sun with planets moving in thy train,  
Whilst every planet hath attendants bright,  
Like birds their mother following o'er the plain :

Then, like a giant upon shoulders broad,  
Thou bearest earths, and seas, and hills, and vales ;  
Myriads of towns, where strifes have along abode.  
Tell us one page of thy historic tales,—

Is it with thee, O world, as it is here ?  
Are thousands born, do thousands daily die ?  
Do thousands laugh, while thousands shed the tear ?  
Are funeral, bridal lamps still passing by ?

What laws doth Justice to thy children lend ?  
Doth a pure freedom in thy councils speak ?  
Or before tyrants do thy people bend  
The knee, and do the strong oppress the weak

O Star ! whilst now to thee my eye upstrains,  
Maybe with thee are fleets in war array,  
The crash of battles echoing o'er thy plains,  
And armies falling on the blood-stained way !

And yet thy children with their noise and strife,  
Within one little point are closed and held,  
With all thy silent dead passed out of life  
In that one glist'ring speck by us beheld—

That spark which glints in highest heav'n ! yet this  
Nor place nor hour changeth, but holds good,  
Though if Night came, and 'twere not, who would  
miss  
A grain i' the sands, a leaf from out the wood !

O Star ! who setting, rising evermore,  
We 'mong the hosts of other stars neglect,  
That faithfully thy path still goeth o'er,  
Yet what thou art by us so little reekt :

When Night arises, thou like timid maid  
Com'st forth, the last of all the stars in space—  
Scarce twinkling, when behind the hills in shade  
Thou hastest first 'mong all to hide thy face.

Unnamed the Argive left thee. From afar—  
Now—beautiful thou comest as of yore,  
Through the blue ether flashing ; yet, O Star,  
A Night will come when *thou* shalt shine no more.

### Last Words.

BEFORE my Phæon's earthly star  
Had sunk within the grave to rest ;  
Ere this cold world he left afar,  
With tearful eye and throbbing breast,

He said, " O sweet Ionian dawn,  
On thy bright wings my spirit take,  
For in my fancy's golden morn  
Thou didst Elysian pleasures make

Kleinias mine—I die—but yet  
Weep not, my faithful soul shall still  
Follow thee ever, nor forget,  
Alive or dead, thy path to fill.

If, in the silent eve, alone  
Thou wanderest in pensive mood,  
And hear'st a bird with long-drawn moan  
Of passion, thrill the neighb'ring wood—

Then pause awhile, and ling'ring stay,  
For know that in its plaintive song  
The bird but telleth in its way  
Of all that knit our love so strong.

When on thy elbow soft inclined  
Thou gazest on the ocean's swell,  
And thy sad eye with brooding mind  
O'er all its purple breadth doth dwell—

From depths those purple waters lave,  
I, like a dream will quick ascend,  
And in the murmuring of the wave  
Sweet whisp'rings unto thee will send.

If Winter doth the Tmôlon<sup>1</sup> beat,  
Or wild typhoons may slumbering lie ;  
Fair Spring to thee will yet repeat  
The roses, and the swallows' cry.

When thou art happy, I'll rejoice ;  
If mournful strains awake thy lyre,  
Unseen, the Muse' pathetic voice  
In poetry will I inspire.

If, when in lower darkness found,  
Pale Hades holdeth me enchained,

<sup>1</sup> Τομωλίς = Μπρωτόδαγ.

And from above, by Kerberus bound,  
With guards and massive bolts restrained—

My tears shall even Hades move,  
And Kerberus its pity share,  
As I lament my constant love,  
And my Kleinias' name declare—

Thy name—Kleinias ! evermore,  
Because, dear friend, it hath been said,  
In hate, or loving, faithful more  
Than all the living are the dead.

## The Last May Song.<sup>1</sup>

—ELIAS TANTALIDES.

THOU art come back again to outpour  
From thy wallet thy bright gifts anew ;  
And dost ask, O sweet May, as of yore,  
That my song shall thy praises renew.

A defaulter, in silence, three years  
I have fled from the Muses and thee ;  
Yet receive, although coming with tears,  
This my strain as a welcome from me.

<sup>1</sup> In this poem the poet bewails his blindness, which calamity befell him suddenly at the early age of 27. Notwithstanding this drawback, Elias Tantalides bravely persevered in his avocation as a Professor of Literature until the end of his life, dying in 1876 when still in his prime. Notwithstanding his blindness, with the exception of this May song, his poems are especially distinguished for gaiety and brightness. Born in Constantinople, and with the exception of those years in which he held a professorship at Smyrna, mostly living there, all political or national subjects were excluded from his Muse. He wrote, therefore, chiefly bacchanalian and love lyrics, which exhibit much playful humour.



O how chang'd from the scenes as of old !  
O how iron the strength of old Time !  
Thou dost see me, and oft have I told  
*How* we met in my youth's flow'ry prime.

I was first 'mong thy lovers, sweet May,  
Whilst in darkness lay shrouded the dawn,  
Who in haste ere the opening of day  
From thy leaves brush'd the first dews of morn.

I was first with my song to awake  
Ev'ry echo from wood and from grove,  
Ere the birds with their carols could make  
The air ring with a chorus of love.

How I laugh'd, how I leapt in my glee !  
As I bough from bough parted away ;  
Like the butterflies, light-winged and free;  
So I gathered thy rosebuds, O May !

But my wings, whilst I flew, they were shorn  
By the shears of divinely sent Fate—  
Not for Death, welcome now as the morn,  
But for weary life, lingering late.

So thy festival cometh not now  
As the herald of love and delight ;  
All hath ceased of past ecstasies' flow  
In a life which is buried in night.

For thy May blossoms now blooming fair—  
They are *black* with the shadows of night ;  
And thy laugh doth not ring through the air  
In a dawning whose sun sheds no light.

And in me thou canst now nought behold  
Of the youth who once woke at thy smile,  
In this body whose veins do but hold  
Just a breath of pale life for awhile.

I am furrowed with care, and my feet,  
As they stumble through pathways of gloom,  
With a staff which my hands stretch to meet,  
Are but groping their way to the tomb.

We are wholly divorced, O dear May !  
Yet in grace take the off'ring I bring,  
As though weeping and sighing, to-day  
I to thee this my last greeting sing.

For as now *thou* wilt come back again :  
Aye from others *we* reap ; but for thee  
Thou dost bring life and youth in thy train  
To transform them all, gladsome and free.

Now to thee, from the young and the strong,  
There is rising a chorus of praise ;  
As from me, 'stead of hymning and song,  
They are tears which are drenching my lays.

Yet take ye, O friends—take these tears,  
On thy gardens of flowers them outpour,  
And forgive these my lips whence appears  
A complaint where a psalm should adore.

## To a River.

—ACHILLES PARASCHOS.

O RIVER, flowing onwards, river dear !

Which still with thousand voices biddeth me,  
That I, unhappy, in thy waters clear

Shall plunge ; and yet it is not given *thee*  
To know wherefore and whitherwards thou'rt going,  
Though forward, ever forward, thou art flowing.

But I will tell thee—I—most gracious stream,

What Fate intended for thy crystal wave,  
With all the sparkles of its silvery gleam—

In an *abyss* to fall and find a grave.

Yes, woful one, thou may'st not, canst not stay,  
One common law perforce must thou obey ;  
O river, gentle river, thou as I must pass away.

Yet, ere thou passest onwards, look awhile,

If thou hast eyes, upon yon lovely sky,  
That gazes on thee with a tender smile,  
Nor all unheeding ever, glide thou by

The flowers that thou waterest as thou flowest,  
Or the gay Earth—to darkness though thou goest.

Pause then, and haste not ; look up to those skies,  
That heaven which lies mirror'd in thy breast ;  
See on its purple depths light clouds arise,  
Like to thy stream with snowy foamings drest.  
Thou too hast dewy clouds like lilies white,  
But thine are Earth clouds, they the clouds of Heav'n  
bright.

O tell me, river, hadst thou mother dear ;  
What clouds begot, and bore thee, and then fled ?  
Ah ! thou art like to man, too like me here !  
But weary am I by the years on led.  
So now I seek, O river, 'neath thy wave  
My heart's hot flame to quench, my burning breast  
to lave.

Thus saying, in the flowing river sprung  
A tearful bard with weighty load of grief ;  
Unloved by one he fondly loved and sung,  
And all forgotten where he sought relief.  
The wave the youth bore onwards, nor did stay,  
But onwards to the *abyss*—the wave too went its  
way.

**The Doves : AN ALLEGORY.**

FROM Η ΞΙΩΣ ΔΟΥΛΗ—THEODORE ORPHANIDÉS.

WITHIN a flowery verdant mead  
There dwelt two tender faithful doves,  
Who knew alone of happy loves,  
Nor sighs' nor tears' the meaning heed.

The hopes that strew the path of life,  
With purest joys on them shone bright ;  
And ere each morn arose in light  
The woods with their gay songs were rife.

But Winter came, and in its train,  
A raging tempest, which uptore  
The trees, and spoiled what green Earth bore  
To blossom on the flowery plain.

When one from other whirled away,  
Woke on a strange and friendless shore,  
Which the grave's silent aspect wore ;  
And one amid the storm must stay.

Borne by the whirlwind through the night  
A hungry eagle drifting on,  
Seizes this lonely trembling one  
With a loud shriek of shrill delight.

And after many mourning years  
With feet that flee the foreign strand,  
The true dove seeks its fatherland,  
And back its first love' ardour bears.

And seeks in vain the woven nest,  
Lain waste by many a typhoon's strife ;  
In vain that darling of her life  
The eagle from its home did wrest.

With loud complaints she crieth aye,  
" O God, in tears of grief I drown :  
Didst Thou not make me too Thine own,  
Or merely for a tyrant's prey ? "

The Maker heard, and thus decreed—  
" Be *thou* forthwith an eagle, dove,  
And swiftly on thy foeman prove  
That which thou deem'st his rightful meed."

Then the frail bird ascendeth high  
On eagles' outstretched golden wings,  
And through the cloudlands hasting brings  
The fear that dwells with power nigh.

Quick her free flight to slay her foe,  
But on her deed no foulness lies ;  
'T was Honour bade, and in her eyes  
Vengeance and Love together glow.



## The Flower-Seller.

—A. RHANGABE.

Ho ! comely youths and gay,  
Here are flowers fresh as day :  
    Shall I sell you this, or this ?  
Soft, softly now, for mind,  
Whiche'er the hand I find  
    In my basket, I shall kiss.

What loveliness is here  
In this jasmine white and clear.  
    'T is Innocence ! who'll buy ?  
You ask, " Is aught to pay ? "  
Nay, for love I give 't away ;  
    Still—no, ah ! tell me why.

A rose ! 'tis love's first streak  
In a blush upon the cheek,  
    And kisses *two* 'twill cost.  
It will o'er this maid prevail,  
Who tender rosebuds pale  
    Herself resembleth most.

Carnations ! these, they say,  
Will fervent passion aye  
    Within some heart inspire.  
Who'll bid ? That one alone  
Is *fifty* ; for this one  
    Kisses *hundred* I require.

I have here a bramble bloom ;  
They say 'tis Pleasure's groom,  
    And bringeth joyous gain.  
Take care ! It hath a thorn,  
It is but a wilding born,  
    And leaves behind it pain.

With snowy blossoms sweet,  
Which zephyrs love to meet,  
    See, orange blossoms fair !  
What mutual grace doth shine  
When the bride doth them entwine  
    Around her golden hair !

You know it ! Fie ! no haste,  
Nor, maidens, rend or waste,  
    For I have many more—  
Some for the young and small,  
For the grand, ay, some for all,  
    From a never-ending store.

Here's honeysuckle free ;  
'Tis Truth, and you may see  
    That Truth all, all do sell.  
How so ; none seek it ! Nay,  
I'll give 't. They turn away,  
    Saying, laughing, "*Thank you well.*"

## The Girl and the Leaf.

—STAMATOS VALVÉS.

It chanced one evening in May,  
The whole creation seemed most fain  
Due homage to that Lord to pay  
By whom glad Nature bloom'd again.

On the moon's bright  
And silver light  
Stood gazing a maiden fair,  
When a leaflet shorn,  
On the wind's plumes borne,  
Fell flutt'ring on her there.

"Ah! but of perfumes this is chief,"  
Crieth the girl. "These scents which rise  
Do make the fond heart drunk O leaf!  
With the odour divine of Paradise.

Who was thy mother tell to me—  
Was she the Hyacinth or Rose?  
Either my thoughts could give to thee,  
But thou dost other form disclose."

“ A stray leaf mere  
From the high hills near,  
Come I, O damsel fair ;  
But yesterday  
’Mong blossoms gay  
I was left by the roaming air.

And of their fragrance caught a part  
Whilst dwelling ’mong those neighbours sweet,  
As in thy pure and spotless heart  
Behold ! thy parents’ virtues meet.”

### Right and Day.

“AM I not now beyond all measure blest,”  
Cried the fair Night unto the bright-faced Day ;  
“I with the light of myriad stars am drest,  
And moon’s soft ray.

But thou, my sister, lo, thou art most poor !  
Thy form is bathed by one star’s gleam alone,  
Which, if the wing of one small cloud pass o’er,  
Is dimmèd soon.

Nor canst thou boast Aphrodite’s sweet light,  
Nor cluster of the blooming Pleiades,  
Nor mighty Jupiter, that planet bright—  
Thou hast not these.”

“Yea, verily, thou justly, well, hast said,”  
The pure Day answered all aglow her sky ;  
“But with thy many gems which radiance shed,  
Shin’st thou as I ?

Dear Night, the Beautiful doth not appear  
In borrow'd lustres from a host arrayed,  
Which when the one true Brilliancy draws near  
Will pale and fade.

Would'st thou the lamp of glory, Darkness flee,  
Take for pure crown the roses of the Dawn ;  
E'en thou, blind owl ! friend of the sun must be,  
And hail the morn."

Life.

—GEORGE VIZIÉROS.

ONE and all with thought profound,  
Strive how they may compass round  
    To learn what power and design  
    Spirit to matter doth assign.

I, a youth of temper gay—  
Wilt thou listen while I say  
    Why and how the *all* is done  
    Thou dost fret thyself upon ?

God of pliant matter weaves  
A cage, which openings five receives,  
    And those windows seen within  
    Are the senses placed therein.

Then amid that cage so fair  
He a bird doth 'close, who there  
    In its own tongue talketh now  
    Of all that it observes below.



Whilst the cage doth strong remain,  
There the bird still findeth vain  
    All attempts away to fly,  
    And Life with Health goes merrily !

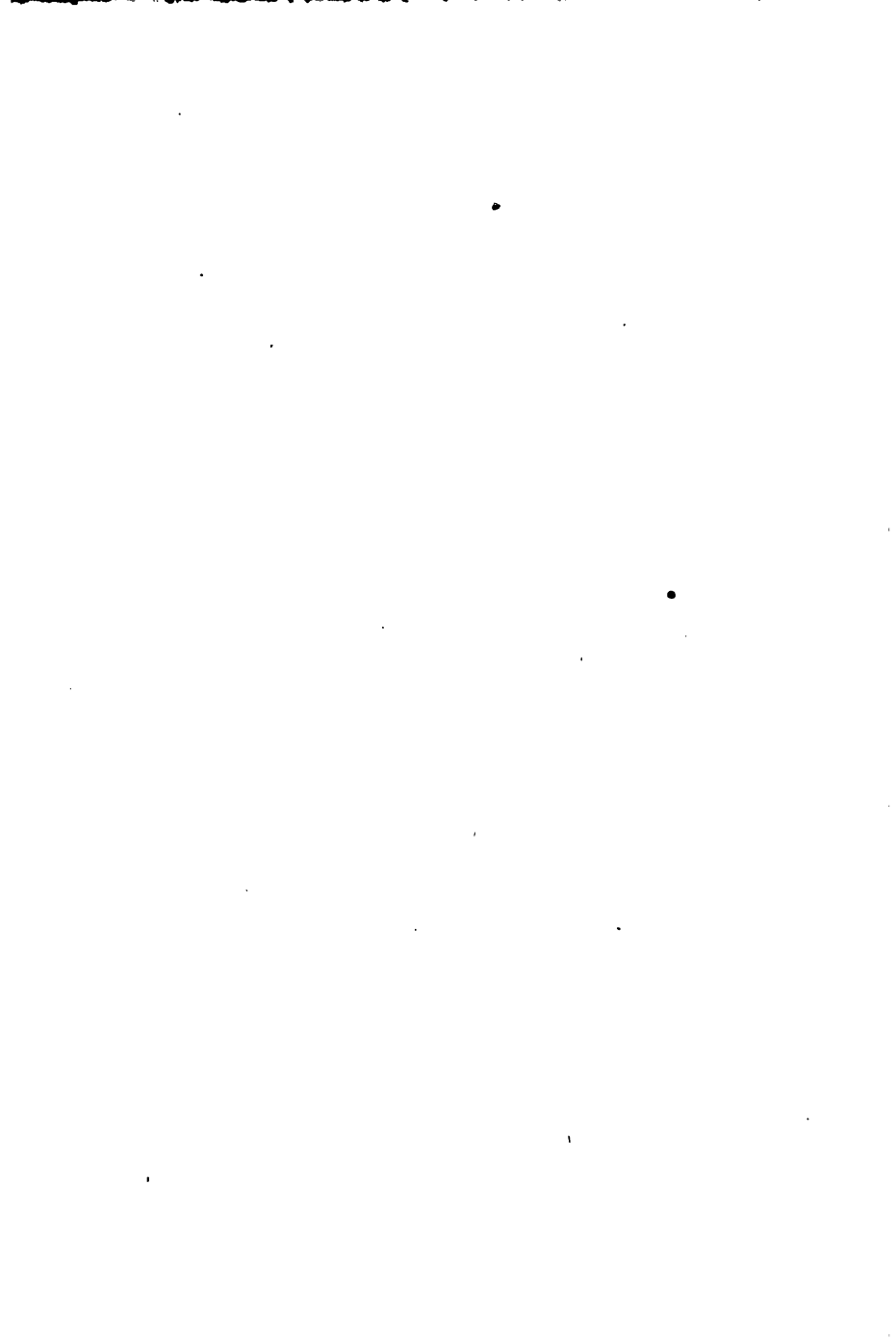
But when the cage begins to spoil,  
Then the bird will strive and moil,  
    Till it openeth some way  
    Through the which to flee away :

And to former nest returned,  
All that it hath seen and learned  
    'Twill some day in converse clear  
    Tell to birds of other sphere.

But should Nature ever find  
A cage without the bird confined ;  
    She will lift it, and will bear  
    To her home with kindly care—

And with zeal will work and strain  
To give it warmth and life again,  
    For it seemeth chilled and cold :  
    Worn it is, alas ! and old.

LEGENDARY POEMS.



## The Last Dryad.

—JOHN KARASUTSAS.

A THOUSAND winters have despoiled my lustrous  
verdant hair,  
But when spring smiles, and fresh leaves to the bare  
boughs bring repair,  
I bloom again.

So far agoe yet seem to me my first years until now,  
That if some other, or the same old self I dare not  
know—  
If I remain.

What sweet sound that ! was it some old companion's  
voice that spoke ?  
No ; the north wind hath fiercely blown, and 'twas  
my own lov'd oak  
That whispered low :

Ah, sad one ! thou forgettest too that thou hast lived  
beyond  
The law of Fate. With thine old age the breezes  
make no bond,  
But scorn thee now.

\*

Man's race once flourished here : in years past hither  
came

The hunters, and the rustics brought their toils to  
snare the game

These woods among.

When the wild beast went slowly forth from out his  
thicket lair,

The Sun God, as those hunters, was not so swift, so  
fair,

So brave, or strong.

With booty safe, when came the dexterous youth,  
he little knew

What other secret wounds had made those arrows  
which he threw,

Unknowing where.

The nymph who, breathless and unseen, for him had  
waited long,

Found all her kinship with the gods, 'gainst love to  
make her strong,

Unavailing there.

When to my shade he wearied came, with what fond  
zeal and care

For his refreshing, out from my dark leaves I shook  
the air,

Bade the zephyrs haste.

For he to me was much more dear, yea, dearer far  
than they—

Those dusky Satyrs who once came, my ears pollut-  
ing aye

With lyres unchaste.

## The Marriage of Earth.

—GEORGE VIZIENOS.

FROM height to height, from height to height,  
Old cuckoo calls again,  
Bidding the birds for a wedding bright  
To raise the nuptial strain.

And the wingèd guests rejoicing all,  
To the country quick repair—  
To joy in the gladsome festival,  
To joy with the wedded pair.

Each tree puts on its festal gown,  
And musky-scented flower ;  
The herbs with dewy diamonds strown,  
As well befits the hour.

And Nature opes her temple door,  
The wide and pathless wood ;  
And calleth to her sacred floor  
All life for worship good.

The sun comes forth with cheerful brow,  
And hastes the lamps to light ;  
For dews are flashing on each bough  
With sparks from emeralds bright.

The rose into the censer flings  
Her frankincense most sweet ;  
Each bird within the choir sings  
The holy anthem meet.<sup>1</sup>

And God's own holy hand doth wreath  
The crowns upon each brow,  
For wedded is the widow Earth  
Unto the young Spring now.

<sup>1</sup> See notes on Greek marriage service.



### The Rain.

THE daughters of the Ocean,  
Their water vases filled,  
Go rising up like cloudlets  
To the heav'ns calm and stilled,

To find some flower to water,  
Or rose-tree blooming fair,  
That they may call forth blossoms,  
To place amid their hair.

As here and there they're gliding  
With timid hearts of fear,  
The children of the high hills,  
The boist'rous winds draw near ;

And boylike, they, those maidens,  
With their filled urns, pursue,  
And chase them as though lev'rets,  
And they had game in view.

With one of charms surpassing,  
Whose hair flows loose and long,  
They seek to sport some moments,  
And join in dance and song.

So here and there pursuing  
This timid maiden throng,  
Their waving garments seizing  
They hold with grasping strong.

Now here, now there yet striving,  
Till with a sudden blow  
They break the urns of water,  
And the water forth doth flow.

And thence below it rusheth  
To every field and plain ;  
And this is why it raineth—  
Through this we have the rain.

### The Trees.

ALL the dear shady trees  
Are children the earth hath borne ;  
The hands they lift to the breeze  
Are the boughs their forms adorn.

They lift them in prayerful strain,  
And sorrow awhile they pray  
That Heaven, who holds the rain,  
Doth see them athirst each day.

And beholding them, high Heav'n  
Remembers the olden days,  
When the Earth for his bride was given,  
And the wedding was joy and praise.

So down from his throne he bends,  
And calleth a willing cloud,  
Whom forth to the hills he sends,  
To the woods and forests proud.

“To those trees athirsting go,  
To the woods which droop and sink,  
On the dear ones let water flow,  
Give them that they may drink.”

And the cloud goes forth with will  
From the firmament above,  
And she raineth upon the hill,  
And rains on the woods with love.

And the earth has a secret joy,  
That she is remembered still,  
As flowers without alloy,  
And fruits her fair bosom fill.

So out from her gladness sweet,  
And joy which doth much abound,  
Abundance, and harvests meet,  
She giveth the country 'round.

For he who would prosper, lo !  
He must plant trees fair and good,  
And leave them to freely grow  
Till they make the thick shadowy wood.

That we too may have the rain,  
And the beautiful fields of green,  
And in barren Hellas again  
Be plenty and verdure seen.

### Evening.

THE bright impatient Sun  
Glides down unto the West ;  
A cloud hangs forth a veil  
To shroud his glowing breast.

For clad all o'er in gold,  
And most exceeding fair,  
With open arms the Evening  
Is waiting for him there.

And with the healing streams <sup>1</sup>  
She doth refresh him now,  
And bringeth cooling dew  
To bathe his heated brow.

Aweary and a-fast'  
He sitteth at her board, <sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> An allusion to a popular superstition of *healing waters*, which will cure every malady of mind or body.

<sup>2</sup> 'Ο ἥλιος παύει 'σ τὸ γιῶμα, meaning literally "the sun is going to dinner," is a common expression, and frequently to be met with in popular poems idiomatically for "the sun is setting,"—the chief meal of the Greeks being about sundown.

Where, breathing savours sweet,  
She spreadeth forth her hoard ;

Whilst these he barely tastes,  
His head falls on her breast,  
As he turns to his belov'd  
Within her arms to rest.

And she, who so long time  
Hath waited for him there,  
Now stretches out her hands  
And strokes his golden hair.

Then going up on high  
With lit lamps in their hands,  
There cometh from the West  
The timid starry bands.

And each of them draws near  
To look behind the hill,  
Where the nymph in tender tones  
Her love is pleading still.

### The Storm.

THE horseless clouds in squadrons  
Come riding from the North,  
And on the hills descending,  
Their heavy charge give forth ;

From every peak around them  
Thick clouds of vapour pour,  
With lightning flash and thunder  
Begins the battle's roar.

Instead of spear and bullet,  
Hailstones and rains they wield,  
Which on the Earth descending,  
Despoil the seeded field.

Instead of sword, the rustic  
Doth grasp the spade and hoe,  
Nor can arrest the battle  
That floods the lands with woe.



So, looking up to Heaven,  
To God he lifts his eyes,  
Whence dimming tears are falling—  
“Help, help Thou me,” he cries.

And God, who hath compassion  
On the man’s good heart and fear,  
To bring him help and comfort  
Doth bid the Sun appear.

As on either side the heavens  
The sun and clouds are seen,  
The fair and graceful rainbow  
Comes stepping in between.

“Foes! sheathe forthwith your weapons,  
And bid your thunders cease,  
Of old was I made in heaven  
The treaty and bond of peace—

Which the Maker wrote in colours,  
In colours which still remain,  
That the husbandman beholding  
May read what is written plain.

For<sup>1</sup> the red is the crimson wine,  
The yellow the golden wheat,

<sup>1</sup> A popular idea about the colours of the rainbow.

And the green is that which giveth  
Th' abundant olives sweet.

So that he may send forth ever  
His liturgy of praise,  
And with ardour light the tapers  
Of ever-living rays."

### The Seasons.

THE widow'd Earth is loved of suitors four,—  
Four faithful wooers true ;  
Each after other cometh with his store,  
And spreads before her view  
All he doth bring as dow'r.

The Spring than all the others is more gay—  
A youth with feelings sweet ;  
For love alone through all the livelong day  
Her ev'ry wish to meet  
He gladly hastes each hour.

He summons all the birds, and bids them sing  
Her praise in cheerful choir,  
Each scented flow'r and rose bedew'd doth bring ;  
All things that joy inspire  
He wills shall her surround.

With zeal and ardour clothing her all o'er  
In many radiant dyes,

Whilst his full hands exulting much, outpour  
The perfumes rich which rise  
Her garment all around.

The Earth looks on him : gladness fills her brow,  
His wooing well hath sped.  
She saith impassioned, "Spring ! I love thee now ;"  
And yet she doth not wed—  
Oh wherefore—wherefore—why ?

The bolder Summer cometh with ripe brain—  
A full-grown man and strong.  
Her threshold as he crosseth with his train,  
The Lady stays not long  
To cast her first love by.

Her flow'rs in due time into fruitage grow :  
The blade brings forth the ear ;  
With flashing sickle quick doth Summer mow  
All grains that ripe appear,  
And harvesteth right well.

He bringeth her abundant wheat and rye,  
Her children dear to feed ;  
And her broad garner-house he pileth high  
With thousand varied seed,  
Earth's treasury to swell.

The Earth looks on him, gladness fills her brow,  
His wooing well hath sped :  
“ Summer ! ” she cries, “ I love *thee* dearly now ; ”  
But yet she doth not wed—  
Oh wherefore—wherefore—why ?

Sick Autumn with his wan face draweth nigh,  
Whom one glance doth delight ;  
Whilst on her threshold, with fond-pitying eye,  
The Lady changing quite,  
All former love throws by.

Crimsoned her lovely breast, whereon he strows  
Fruits, and the clust’ring vine :  
Sir Autumn plucks the ripe grapes as he goes,  
While kisses intertwine,<sup>1</sup>  
And casteth them in press.

The trodden wine is drunk, the must inhaled,  
Which swelling song inspires  
With hopes that youth has o’er the years prevailed,  
That boyhood’s ardent fires  
Have come old age to bless.

The Earth looks on him, gladness fills her brow,  
His wooing well hath sped :

<sup>1</sup> *με φιλήματα*. The poet by this means that whilst gathering the grapes, the young men behind the vine|soften snatch a kiss from the maidens.

She cries, "Sir Autumn ! yes ! I love *thee* now ;"  
But yet she doth not wed—  
Oh wherefore—wherefore—why ?

The tyrant lord, Old Winter, with white hair,  
Doth harm her in his love ;  
As he her threshold passes—straightway there  
The Lady yet doth prove  
All old loves quite cast by.

In secret he makes tremulous her breath,  
And chilleth her warm blood ;  
Within her veins creeps soulless life—like Death,  
And sadly doth she brood  
In cold mistrust and fear.

Sir Winter all in raiment white is drest,  
With beard like driven snow ;  
He bringeth pure white garments o'er her breast  
As a nuptial robe to throw,  
For his bride in church to appear.

The Earth looks on him with a scornful brow,  
Ill hath his wooing sped.  
She cries, "What, wintry Sir, I love *thee*—No !"  
And so she doth not wed—  
Ah wherefore—wherefore—why ?

The handsome Spring to her will come again,  
Her own belovèd boy ;  
And whilst the birds ring forth in glad refrain,  
She'll wake again to joy  
As her first love draws nigh.

### March.

MARCH brings the brodered gown that April wears ;  
The mountain streams within his arms he bears,  
And makes the plains grow bright  
With radiant gleaming light.

The trees within their bark yet shivering stay,  
The blossoms in their buds yet dream away.  
Nor has the Mother Earth  
To her flowers given birth.

" Trees, 'tis March calls. Away your idlesse fling ;  
Flow'rs ! ope your eyes, and from your couches spring  
To greet the magic hand  
Which decks the joyous land.

For I am that glad month who ev'ry year  
Kiss the young flow'rs and haste their colours here,  
And for each maiden fair  
A faithful youth prepare."



The flow'rs awakening hear, and sweet lips ope,  
The trees half raise their eyes in verdant hope,  
And rending buds show clear  
That roses too are near.

The Almond tree an artful nymph doth seem,  
Who roused from sleep and called from out a dream,  
Her naked charms embow'rs  
With nuptial robe of flow'rs.

“Hail to the comely youth in vision bright,  
Who in my dreams did wed me yesternight;  
What fair gifts doth he bring  
Before my feet to fling?”

Coverlet and couch from the snowy North he bears,  
The night is joyous, but when dawning nears,  
The Rime with chilling arms  
Doth grasp those glowing charms.

Her bridal dress i' the morn a shroud appears  
The grieving Earth doth melt in misty tears,  
But Noon with golden ray  
Tears the cold veil away.

### Metamorphoses.

A MOTHER had born to her children four,  
Four children had she borne ;  
She nourish'd them, rear'd them, made each a dower  
With heart as light as the morn.

And she sought and did wed them with folk of  
estate,<sup>1</sup>  
And rich in all household gear ;  
And they homesteads kept, and were deemed right  
great  
Athrough all the country near.

But for the ageing mother, Fate  
Had evil gifts in store ;  
Her goodman died, and in sorrowing state  
A widow was she and poor.

When it came to pass she fell sick one day,—  
The time was sad and drear,—

<sup>1</sup> *Ναυοκυπαῖοι*, merchants holding their own ships in the islands of Hydra, Spetsia, and Psara. For account of these, the first formers of the Greek navy, see note from *Τrikoupés*, 'Ιστορία, κεφ. I.

So a stranger she called, and bade him away—  
To bring all her children near.

“To my dear son go, bid him hither speed,  
For I am sick with care.”  
He went; but the son must his vineyard weed,  
Nor hath he time to spare.

She said, “On his body let bristles grow  
For aye, for evermore.”  
Straightway to the hills did the bad son go  
In the hedge-hog’s form he wore.

“To my daughter go, and bid her here,  
For I am sick with care.”  
He went; she was spinning silk fine and clear,  
Nor had she time to spare.

“Let her spin, her thread shall lengthen still,  
But woven cloth ne’er be.”  
And th’ unpitying child with a spider’s skill  
Vain cobwebs aye spun she.

“To my second daughter go, and say  
That I am sick with care.”  
He went; but she said she must wash her array,  
Nor time had *she* to spare.

“ Let a trough be her raiment henceforth,” said she,  
    “ And unwashed, unchanged keep.”  
So the pitiless child must a tortoise be  
    On the earth to crawl and creep.

“ To my third daughter go, and bid her here,  
    For I am sick with care.”  
He went; but before his return she was near;  
    Had she then time to spare?

“ Why on thy hands doth dough appear?  
    Why on thy fingers flour?”  
“ I was leav’ning when the news came, mother dear,  
    But I came the selfsame hour.”

“ Let thy flour be pollen, thy trough a hive;  
    And since thou time hast found,  
May all thou touchest whilst thou shalt live  
    With honey sweet abound.”

Thus saying, she smiled as she went to sleep,  
    For aye, for evermore;  
And thence her daughter the form doth keep  
    Of a bee with honied store.

So forth she flieth on joyful wings,  
    By flower and bloom carest,

And to every creature a blessing brings—  
She—whom her mother blest.

The bee is popularly called the blessing (*Ἐυλογία*) of God among the peasants in many parts of Greece, which are familiar with the above legend, in consequence of the mother's blessing her dutiful daughter. The value of the bee for the sake of its honey to large numbers of country people can hardly be over-estimated.

### The Building of St. Sophia.<sup>1</sup>

IN the great city day and night  
The King doth study how to build  
The Church of Saint Sophia fair.  
From every part he doth invite  
All men in works of science skilled,  
Who plans and drawings must prepare.

The Architect designs doth bring,  
The Secretary spreads them out,  
And layeth them before the throne.  
The King looks on them sorrowing,  
Upon his face sits anxious doubt,  
Unworthy deemeth he each one.

"God is," saith he, "all power and light.  
Alone that beauty which doth shine  
Reflected everywhere around.

<sup>1</sup> This is a popular legend in Thrace, where bees are held in great estimation.

His church should therefore show His might,  
Perfection glow in every line,  
And Heaven's semblance there be found."

Then all the builders sadly kneel,  
And all the great ones of the court  
In silence their due homage pay.  
For each and every one doth feel,  
Not *his* the craft for what is sought,  
And none can word in counsel say.

All through the night with thoughtful brow,  
Each strives to fashion in his mind  
The plan which doth before him lie.  
None heeds the coming Sunday now,  
But toileth on, for none can find  
The heart to join in worship high.

Yet when the morning dawneth there,  
They see the sacred tapers pass ;  
They hear an old voice tremulous sing.  
It is the Patriarch who doth bear,  
Straight going from the church and mass,  
The blessed bread <sup>1</sup> unto the King,

<sup>1</sup> The *Antidoron* (*ἀντιδωρον*) is the bread which has been offered for the service of the altar, but which has not been required for consecration. This blessed bread is broken into portions, which towards the close of the liturgy are distributed to the worshippers by the clergyman who stands for the purpose outside the holy doors.

Who, bending from his throne doth kiss  
Those aged hands which to him bring  
The blessing and the Holy One.  
Yet some way happeth it amiss,  
For the bread falleth from the King  
The thick-furred lion skins upon.

The King his sceptre casts below,  
And leaves at once his royal seat,  
To search with care around and near.  
It must not on the earth lie low,  
Lest it be trodden 'neath the feet,  
And some one fall in judgment drear.

Whilst thus the King with troubled face  
Before his throne bends low his head,  
Where still he hopes that gift may lie ;  
A bee he seeth near the place,  
Which holds in its small jaws the bread,  
And from the window forth doth fly.

Often a portion is carried home from church to some member of a family who may have been debarred by sickness or some other cause from attending divine service. It is always reverentially eaten, and valued as a token of church fellowship ; and as it dates from very early times, it is possible that it may be traceable to the *love-feast* of the Primitive Church. In the old French rituals it is found under the name of *pain béni*.



Straightway a crier he decrees  
Shall to the market-place be sent,  
And thus declare the royal mind.  
“A purse of gold ! Who keepeth bees  
Let him now search with close intent,  
That he my blessed bread may find.”

Then all men seek with close intent ;  
Yet from their seeking nothing gain  
Other than wax or honey sweet.  
The Master-Builder's thoughts are bent  
On seeking, and with eyes full fain  
A marvel doth his vision meet.

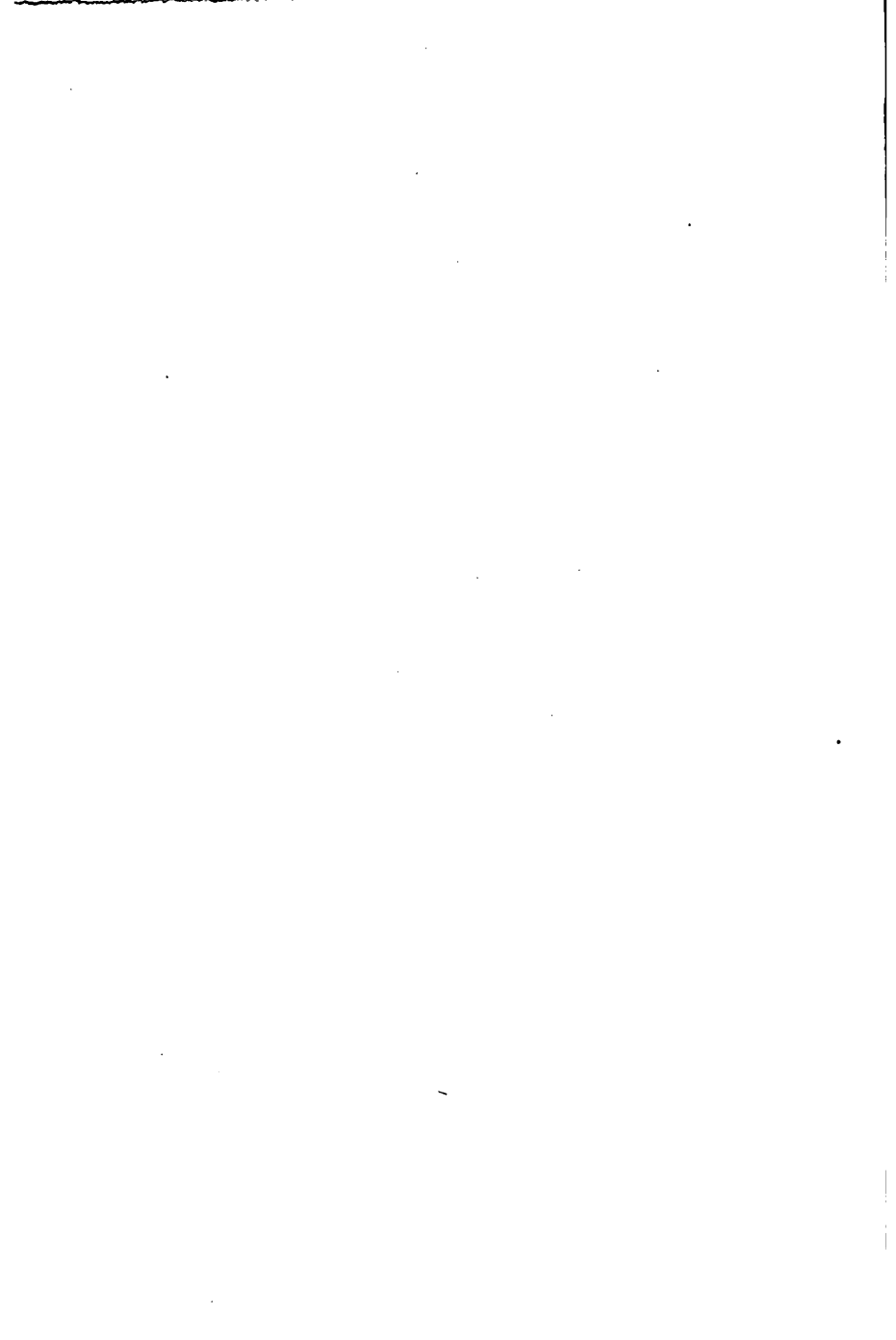
Within a basket woven fine,  
Wherein a hive is moulded fair,  
Glitters and gleameth somewhat bright ;  
No yellow wax thus e'er can shine,  
No honey sweet he seeth there,  
But sculptured church with carvings light.

Its domes are like the heavens above,  
The columns like thick woods uprise ;  
The floor may with wide Earth compare.  
Never will Christian song of love  
For God's great praise and worship rise  
Within another church so fair.

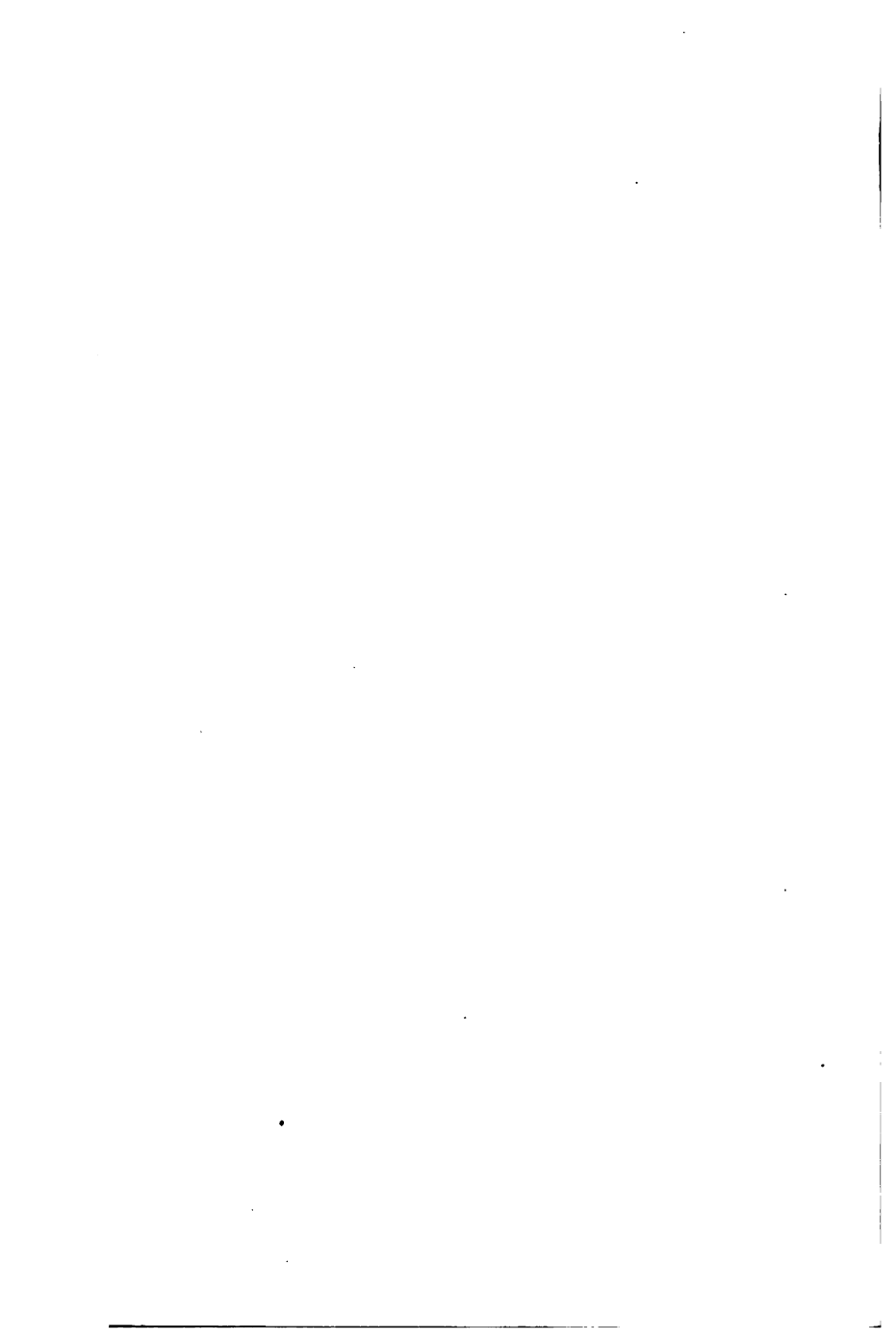
He, then abashed before the throne,  
Prostration maketh low and deep,  
And open'th out the temple's plan :  
" We all are sinners—every one—  
Nor one among us who doth know,  
Or God's magnificence can scan.

Thy blessèd bread to cherish, lo !  
With what amassing treasures filled,  
See this good bee hath hither brought—  
The Highest aye to honour. So,  
Let the Great King a temple build  
Like to this church so fairly wrought."

The King to God doth low incline—  
" Beauty and Power unto Thee  
Ever," he cries, " be grateful praise !"  
Three times he kisses the design,  
And then declares the firm decree,  
" Thus shall ye Saint Sophia raise."



## LOVE LYRICS.



## The Parting.

—ARISTOMENÈS PRIVILEGIOS.

WHEN with recalling love I told  
My country's climate fair,  
How a green carpet was unrolled,  
How roses in the wintry air  
Bloomed with the tints of Spring ;

How that the sun's ne'er dimmèd ray,  
Piercing the ether blue,  
Was lost within that ocean way,  
Which ever lengthening to the view  
One purple breadth would bring.

" Ah ! " sighed she sadly, " each fond word  
That floweth from thy mouth,  
Shows thee by home's deep longings stirred ;  
But thou, true child of thy dear South,  
Remember *me* when there."

“ In the blue colour of her skies,”  
I said, in grief’s despite,  
“ Again I’ll see thy gentle eyes,  
And in our Phœbus’ golden light  
Behold thy shining hair.”

### Two Sonnets.

AH! now at last I freely breathe to-day.

The pain, and all the gnawing and unrest,  
Which so long wrestling with did weight my breast,  
Is over. Conquered Love hath flown away.

O blissful calm! I hail thee with thy train

Of many angels 'round thee fair and bright;  
My spirit walks forgetful, to the light  
Of the blue ether rising once again.

Now heal'd—as if so pitiful a wound

It ne'er had known, my heart doth daily bound,  
And seeks—its past commotions to renew.

As when the sailor—saved, though tempest tost,

Through the fierce wintry winds so nearly lost—  
Longs his drear wanderings to commence anew.

---



THE harpsichord thy fingers lightly press,  
While thy rich voice with sympathetic tone  
Opens to me the gates of realms unknown,  
And lights untrodden paths of happiness.

Thy song doth cease, when floweth o'er my soul  
The strength divinest of the wordless strain,  
And then, as though with mimic speech, again  
Music brings back in pictured form the whole.

When long I to fall prostrate at thy feet,  
And all the fairest gifts that e'er can meet  
In heavenly places in thy lap to pour.

For both the power of thy Music's spell  
And thy sweet feeling face their impress tell,  
Deep in my spirit all things else before.

### The Osier Bough.

—GEORGE DROSINËS. From *Εἰδύλλια*.

“IF thou pluck’st me not as thou go’st by,  
Thy love it shall fade away, and die.”

So sings the dewy osier  
Early in the dawning,  
Holding to the traveller  
Her flower-boughs in warning.

An old man if it chanceth,  
The name of love then hearing,  
On the other side he passeth,  
And turns his head with fearing.

But if a black-eyed maiden  
With her lover hither stray,

A bough from the dewy osier  
They haste to cut straightway.

For they are troubled in heart, and fear  
Lest e'er unto them that curse come near.

## Snows.

From ΕΙΔΩΛΙΑ.

THE sun shines, filled with glowing light,  
Our earth is mantled o'er with snow ;  
In Nature only, to my sight  
A pair like *heat* and *cold* doth show :

Yes, in a blue-eyed little maid  
I see the very same exprest,  
Within her eyes the fire displayed,  
Yet bearing snows upon her breast.

---

A STAR which shines on high,  
(The earth is chill and cold)  
Doth glitter and doth flash upon  
The snows which her enfold.

A tender breast which loves  
In hopeless grief and woe,

Is like the star which casts  
Its light upon the snow.

---

WHAT are the soft white snows,  
That are falling from the sky,  
Which the driving north wind strows,  
On the mountains piling high?

Is it cotton in heaven grown,  
Which the tender flowers outfling?  
Or is it the finest down,  
Plucked from an angel's wing?

### A Diamond.

From *Ιστοὶ Ἀρχαίης*.

IT once so happed a crystal fragment lay  
Unmarkèd long upon some thistles sere,  
When on a sudden kissed by the sun's ray,  
Its brilliant sparkling all behold, and say,  
“Ha, what a lovely diamond is here!”

My love it is, that clotheth her with light!  
For all she is a maiden no more fair  
Than others, but for me—a star of night,  
A flower, an angel, or a bird o' the air!  
For you 'tis glass, for me a diamond bright.

### **Pity 'Tis.**

From 'Ιστροὶ Ἀράχνης.

THEY talk as though in April 'twere alone  
That roses blossom and that lilies flower ;  
But now we're in old January's power,  
Yet on her cheeks and on her red lips shown  
Lilies and roses opened full I see——

But pity 'tis they do not bloom for me.

### Why, Mary?

From 'Ισίδι 'Αράχνης.

WHEN I tell thee on thy mouth, so small and sweet,  
The hues, the scent, the dews of roses meet,

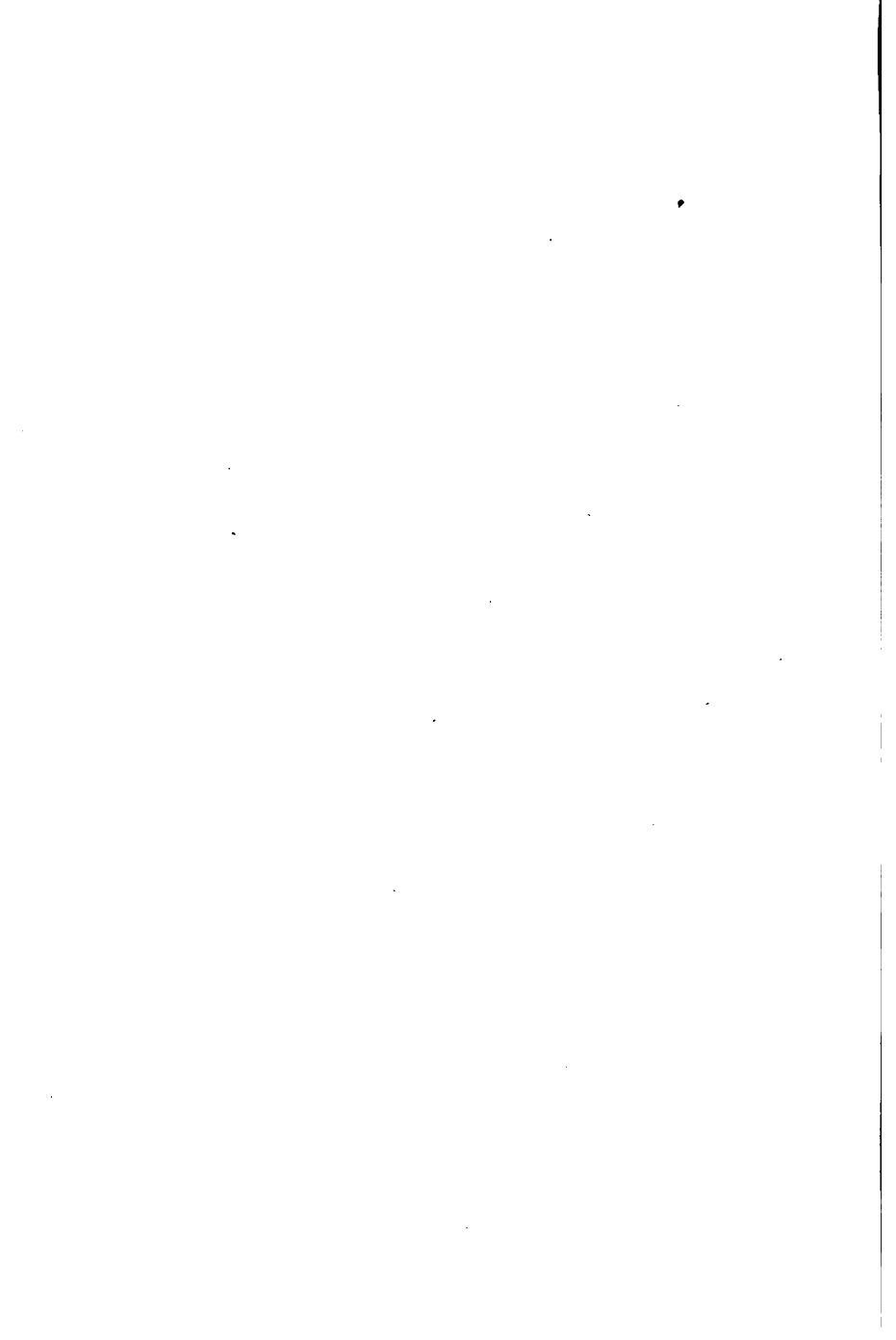
Thou tak'st it well and smil'st, Mary ;

But when I would (a little dew to sip)

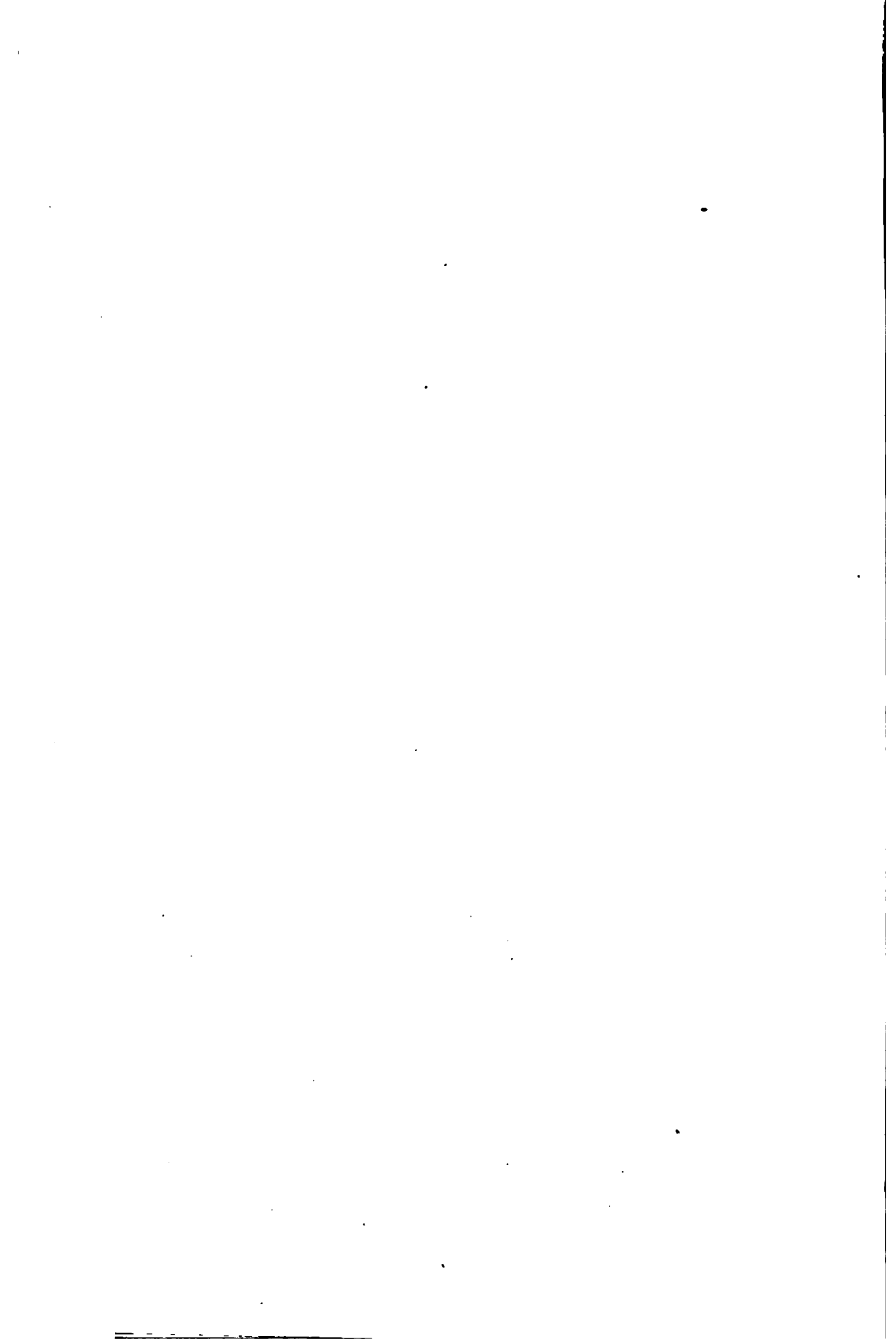
A bee become, and fly to thy red lip,

It angers thee ; but why, Mary ?





## FOLK SONGS.



## The Only Daughter.<sup>1</sup>

—GEORGE DROSINÈS.

“TELL me, O lovely maiden, whence do thy graces  
flow,  
How did thy mother nourish thee, what care did she  
bestow :  
With sugar did she feed thee, that thou art aye so  
sweet ;  
Was milk thy drink, for thou like milk with white-  
ness art replete ;  
Did she bathe thee in rose waters, for thou bloomest  
like the rose ;  
Made she a bed of downy plumes whereon thou  
might'st repose,  
With sweet musk for a pillow, that thou of musk  
may'st smell ?  
“ My good and darling mother, my mother deeming  
well,

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Drosinès, in his Folk Songs, has caught all the spirit and piquancy of those songs which he heard from the lips of the girls of Euboea, several of which he gives us in 'Αγροτικαὶ Ἐπιστολαί. They are, however, not *reproductions*, although possessed with the same feeling.

With sugar hath not fed me, white milk for drink  
nor gave,  
Nor that I might be more than fair, did with rose  
water lave ;  
She gave me no musk pillow, no bed of down to press ;  
But my kind mother nourish'd me with many a fond  
caress ;  
And with her loving kisses she all this sweetness  
sent,  
And with her tender blessing this balmy perfume  
lent.  
Thus was I reared on love alone, and bloom in beauty  
drest,  
For I am an only daughter, a maiden much carest."

### The Maiden and the Sailor.

A MAIDEN, by her window broidering,  
 Looks out upon the broad and purple sea ;  
 And still she sews and sews, soft murmuring,  
 And still she sews and sews, and thus sings she :  
 O silly madcap South Wind, gently blow,  
 And thou, O North, some little prudence show,  
 For I have my beloved one on the sea ;  
 And I await the joyful Easter-tide  
 When I shall wear the flow'r crown of a bride,  
 And he in bridegroom's scented garb shall be.<sup>1</sup>

The North Wind heard, and pitying breathed a sigh ;  
 But the offended South waxed grim and wroth !  
 "The silly South, my damsel, ne'er am I,  
 But the dreadful South, when I go angry forth ;  
 For bosoms numberless have I made dark,  
 Made mothers widows, orphaned babes beside :  
 I overwhelm the sailor with his bark,  
 And I will make thee widow ere a bride."

<sup>1</sup> See note of sailor's wedding at Spetzai.

With syphoon then she roused the sleeping sea,  
The waves like swarthy demons whirled around ;  
His shapely boat was overborne, and he,  
The hapless sailor youth, the lover, drown'd.

The maiden wept not when the tale they told,  
Nor spoke one word, no sigh her bosom tore.  
She fix'd her eyes where yet the ocean roll'd,  
And 'gan to broider deftly as before.  
And as she sewed and sewed,<sup>1</sup> thus still sang she :  
" O silly madcap South Wind, gently blow !  
And thou, O North, some little prudence show,  
For I have my beloved one on the sea."

The travellers who journey by her door—  
They hear her, and they wipe the tears away.  
The fishermen who sail along the shore—  
They hear her, sighing as their boats they stay.  
For the maiden, for the sailor, pitying pray.

<sup>1</sup> To prepare the clothes for her dowry is the chief care and employment of the peasant girl. Not only does she make all her garments, sewing and embroidering them most exquisitely, but she *spins* the cotton and wool, of which they are composed, *dyes* and *weaves* it with her own hands. Some will have as many as 40 *ὑποκάμιστα* alone.

### The Gifts.

“SENT forth by my good master, a merchant young  
am I ;

For him I'll buy sweet sugar, honey of price I'll  
buy.

O damsel sweet of speech who hath met me on the  
way,

Wilt thou thy honey-sugar'd lips sell me for gold  
to-day ?”

“ My lips I do not sell, but I'll give them with the  
rest,

With all my other dowry, to the youth whom I love  
best.”

“ A gardener am I, damsel, of lilies I have store ;  
But thy face hath fairer lilies than aught I've grown  
before.



Then stay, thou lily-cheeked one, and to me two lilies  
sell,  
In my garden I will plant them, and rejoice in their  
sweet smell."

"The lilies of my face I keep to give them with the  
rest,  
With all my other dowry, to the youth whom I love  
best."

"I deal in silk, O fair one! one moment prithee  
stay,  
And tell me for how much thou'lt sell thy plaited  
hair to-day;  
It falleth o'er thy shoulders in trim and even row,  
In golden sheen and glistening, as finest silk threads  
show."

"Nor yet my shining yellow locks, for they go with  
the rest,  
With all my other dowry, to the youth whom I love  
best."

"I am a wealthy goldsmith, and have jewels that I  
prize,  
But, girl! for how much wilt thou sell thy blue  
and gentle eyes?"

They are a pair so full of light, so like to sapphires  
true,  
That I will make of them two rings, with stones of  
heavenly blue ! ”

“ My eyes, in sooth, I may not sell : I give them  
with the rest,  
With all my other dowry, to the youth whom I love  
best.”

“ Dear maid, I am no goldsmith, nor gardener I’ll  
prove ;  
I am the poor youth thou wilt take, the youth whom  
thou dost love,  
Who all night long keeps watch and ward before thy  
cottage door,  
And to his little tambourine thy beauties singeth  
o’er.”

“ If thou’rt the youth I love so well, then I have  
nought to say,  
For what to others I sell not, to thee I give away.”

### The Witchcrafts of Love.

HIGH on the brow of the mountain, from the busy  
world away,

There sitteth a cunning woman—a woman weird and  
gray.

A maiden goeth in early dawn, and with pleasant  
words doth greet,

She layeth eggs in her mantle, and wheat ears at her  
feet.

“How chanceth it, fair damsel, this uphill path  
thou’st won,

To come and see the wizard dame who sitteth here  
alone?”

“To tell thee all my anguish, to confess to thee, wise  
dame,

Unknowing both my mother and my brother, here I  
came

Because I love Kostantios, and he careth not for  
me;

Alas! he loves another, and ’tis she his bride who’ll  
be.”

“If Kostantô he love thee not, what can my skill  
avail?”

“Oh, charm thou *once*, and then straightway his love  
for her shall fail ;

Oh, charm thou *twice*, and then forthwith will love  
for me prevail.”

“Why, maiden, ask'st thou charms from me? what  
could my art devise?

For thou hast charms more potent far in your two  
bright black eyes ;

And in thy mouth so small and sweet, your hands so  
white and fair ;

For they do all the youth bewitch, and e'en old men  
ensnare.

Go back unto thy village, girl, and make thee all  
good speed,

And when the next glad festal day comes round, then  
take thou heed,

Put on thy white embroidered gown,<sup>1</sup> thy finest  
softest vest,<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> ὑποκάμισον, the under and chief garment, composed of thick and fine white cotton, close to the throat, and down to the feet, with wide sleeves, and all richly embroidered.

<sup>2</sup> σιγγούρι, a sleeveless long vest of white woollen, reaching beyond the hips, and open at the chest ; also embroidered round the bottom.

Thy skirt of red with silken flow'rs,<sup>1</sup> thy chains across  
 thy breast,<sup>2</sup>  
 And bind a yellow kerchief then thy graceful head  
 around.  
 Then let your place amid the dance near Kostantô be  
 found,  
 And be not shamefast overmuch, but raise your head  
 awhile,  
 And press his hand whilst up to him you lift your  
 eyes and smile.  
 Let none then call me wizard dame, nor my renown  
 spread wide,  
 If Kostantô doth seek thee not to ask thee for his  
 bride."

The dawning breaketh sweetly which St. George's  
 Day<sup>3</sup> doth bring,  
 When on the threshing-floor the youths and maidens  
 dance and sing.  
 The pretty damsel dances then to Kostantaki near

<sup>1</sup> ποδιά, a short skirt of crimson cloth, often most exquisitely worked in silk, with the most harmonious blending of colours.

<sup>2</sup> γυναιχράνι, numerous connected chains of silver, to which are appended a multitude of silver coins of different kinds.

<sup>3</sup> St. George's Day, old style, would be the 6th of May, when the harvest in many parts of Greece would be over and threshing began. The wheat-ears show ripe in the beginning of April.

With all her silver ornaments,<sup>1</sup> and all her broidered  
 gear,  
 And by degrees less shamefast, she doth lift to him  
 her eyes,  
 And Kostantô then trembles, and his heart throbs  
 with surprise ;  
 But when the maiden smiles on him, and presses  
 soft his hand,  
 Kostantaki feeleth faint and sick—he loseth all  
 command,  
 And he forsakes the dance straightway, and to his  
 home doth glide.  
 But ere the hill is darkened, ere the sun sinks o'er its  
 side,  
 Proposals fair for her he sends, and asks her for his  
 bride.

<sup>1</sup> *ἀρματα*. All the silver ornaments, chains, bracelets, brooches, clasps, &c., are classed together as *ἀρματα* = *weapons*. Mr. Drosinês, in his *Ἀγρότικαι ἐπιστολαί*, in speaking of this appellation, remarks that he supposes the name has been given because "through them men's hearts are wounded."

### The Old Klepht.

THE lads are eating and drinking, gaily their songs  
arise.

A captain of Klephts, an old Souliote, beholds them,  
and listening, sighs.

“Come hither, old man, wilt not thou now sing us a  
better lay?

Come, give us a song of the olden time, of the days  
long past away.”

“What can I tell you, giddy boys, how can I  
laugh and sing?

My voice is husky with many years—my heart is a  
changed thing

Since I was a gallant Pallikar—a lusty youth and  
strong,

None then could face me in the dance, excel me in  
the song.

I clomb the hills and mountains high, as with the  
Turks I warred;

I went down 'mong the villages—the girls by love  
were snared.

The mothers who beheld me, they all wished me for  
their son ;

The damsels who looked on me strove that I might  
soon be won.

Some two or three fell sick indeed, and pined away  
and died,

And others donned the serge, and left the world and  
all beside.

But I no woman gladdened, and a wife I ne'er have  
wed ;

For I was a Klepht at Agrapha, and sore it had  
bested

If I had ta'en a wife with me up to our Klephtic  
hold.

What pleasures and what joys for her could there  
her life enfold ?

Could I leave her in the village, and bemoan for her  
on high ?

No ; as a widow I have lived, and widowed I shall  
die.

'Tis well for you, ye giddy lads, Roumêli's cuckoos  
gay,

For you have now your freedom, lead a merry life  
to-day ;

*Your* parents are not slaughter'd, and *your* houses  
are not spoil'd,



Nor in the Turks' hareems are *your* sisters dear  
defiled.

*You* do not scour the mountains, nor in rocky fast-  
ness hide,

But through the villages you walk safe by your  
mothers' side,

And come and take your place i' the dance, that you  
may charm my eyes

With your tall and dapper bodies, and your waists  
of slender size,

And bid me to recount to you my youth and the  
olden day,

When as it is with you, 'twas then my April and  
fair May;

But now old January's snows have compassed me  
around,

From hour to hour I sit and wait till Charon hath  
me found."

### The Slave.

THE Turks came down and burnt the homesteads  
near,  
The Christian folk dispersing, fled for fear ;  
The children from their mothers' arms were torn,  
The sisters from their brothers far were borne,  
Parted—a wedded pair of two days old.

The lovely bride to slavery was sold  
In the city, whom a tyrant vizir bought ;  
The husband as a Klepht the mountains sought.

Twelve years passed over since that hapless day.  
She saw the Aprils who bring in the rose,  
She saw the Januarys come with snows ;  
And she with grieving beat her heart away,  
As a partridge which a narrow cage doth close.

Then some good Christian, pitying her pain,  
For seven thousands <sup>1</sup> her redeemed again ;

<sup>1</sup> 7000 γρόσσα = piastres.

And sent her to her own dear country back.  
But many woes had aged her, alack !  
And many tears had marred her visage fair,  
And many bitter thoughts had blanched her hair.

Not one in her own country knew her—none.  
“Hail !” cried she, “men and lasses, every one—  
Know ye not here Gerometros’ son’s son,  
Whether he lives—hath gone away—or died ?”  
“He liveth, and is chief here far and wide,  
A fair wife had he, lost when yet a bride ;  
But he hath ta’en another still more fair,  
And hath two sons to lighten every care.”

As a taper wasteth<sup>1</sup> so her visage failed,  
White as the cotton plant her poor lips paled ;  
Returning on the road she trod before,  
She prayed the Abbess at the convent door—

“Give me the gown of black ! the cloth of hair !  
A Turk’s foul kisses brought my youth despair ;  
For twelve long years no church my feet have trod.”  
All through the night then prayed she to God.  
She kissed the cross and pictures, wept and sighed,  
But with the dawn for very grief she died.

<sup>1</sup> The simile of “tapers wasting” is a very favourite one, and any one who has seen the rapidity with which they are consumed at the Greek festivals, melting away in a few seconds comparatively, must admit the expression as used to be felicitous.

As they her body in the earth would lay,  
Kostantios Gerometros came that way ;  
He claimed her for his own, and stood beside,  
Kissed her, and knew she was his first dear bride.

### The Nereids.

It was a gay young cavalier, a comely youth enow,  
 Who rode forth from his home unto a village far away  
 To keep Elias' festival whereto he'd made a vow.  
 He started with the dawn, the sun now told the close  
     of day,<sup>1</sup>  
 When the youth drew up and paused beside a flowing  
     river's brink,  
 That he and his aweary steed might rest awhile and  
     drink.  
 But soon as he dismounted and had loosed his bridle  
     rein,  
 There came the sound of women washing garments  
     in the flow.  
 He tied his horse unto a bough and turned him round  
     again,  
 To see if they were cousins fair or damsels he might  
     know ;

. . . <sup>1</sup> πᾶσι 'σ τὸ γυῖμα. See note to "Evening."

But none are of his country, nor the soft singouni<sup>1</sup>  
wear ;  
Their robes are all of purest white, and white their  
mantles fair,  
And o'er their shoulders floating fall full three arms'  
length <sup>2</sup> of hair.

Their every look was lovely, their lips with smiles  
were sweet,  
Their eyes were black as gown of priest, straight  
brows, long lashes meet.  
The comely youth then knew at once that these were  
Nereids fair,<sup>3</sup>  
As sisters, all alike in face and form and graces rare ;  
And one among—than all the rest was yet more  
charming shown,  
Who wore upon her stately head a shining golden  
crown.

The youth drew near and greeted them with greetings  
deep and low—

<sup>1</sup> Singouni. See note to "The Witchcrafts of Love."

<sup>2</sup> The measure in Greece is by the *πῆχυς* or arm's length, being two feet.

<sup>3</sup> A belief that there are Nereids still lurks among the peasantry in remote districts, especially among the women. Only last summer (1884) an embroideress who was disposing of her embroideries in Athens, was asked why they were always more or less stained. "*Kupia*," she exclaimed, in answer to my friend's inquiry, "*it is the Nereids who do it when they borrow them for their baptisms.*"

"All hail, O Queen! Companions hail!" "Hail youth with comely brow."

"Fair ladies, who your garments sweet wash in the crystal stream,

Will you not wash for me my cloak with dust and heat defiled?"

"With joy, with joy, O rustic brave whom gallant youth we deem."

And once, yea twice, the queen's fair hands washed well the mantle soiled.

The youth then dons the mantle, and he hasteth to the feast,

And wheresoe'er he standeth and wheresoe'er he goes, One to the other whispereth, and asketh of the rest,

"Whence came that sweet and musky smell that all around arose:

Is it a bough of the wild vine, or incense wafted near, Or is it a perfum'd damsel bathed in musk who cometh here?"

"'Tis not a branch of the wild vine, nor holy incense' breath,

It is not a damsel who hath bathed in musk that scents the air;

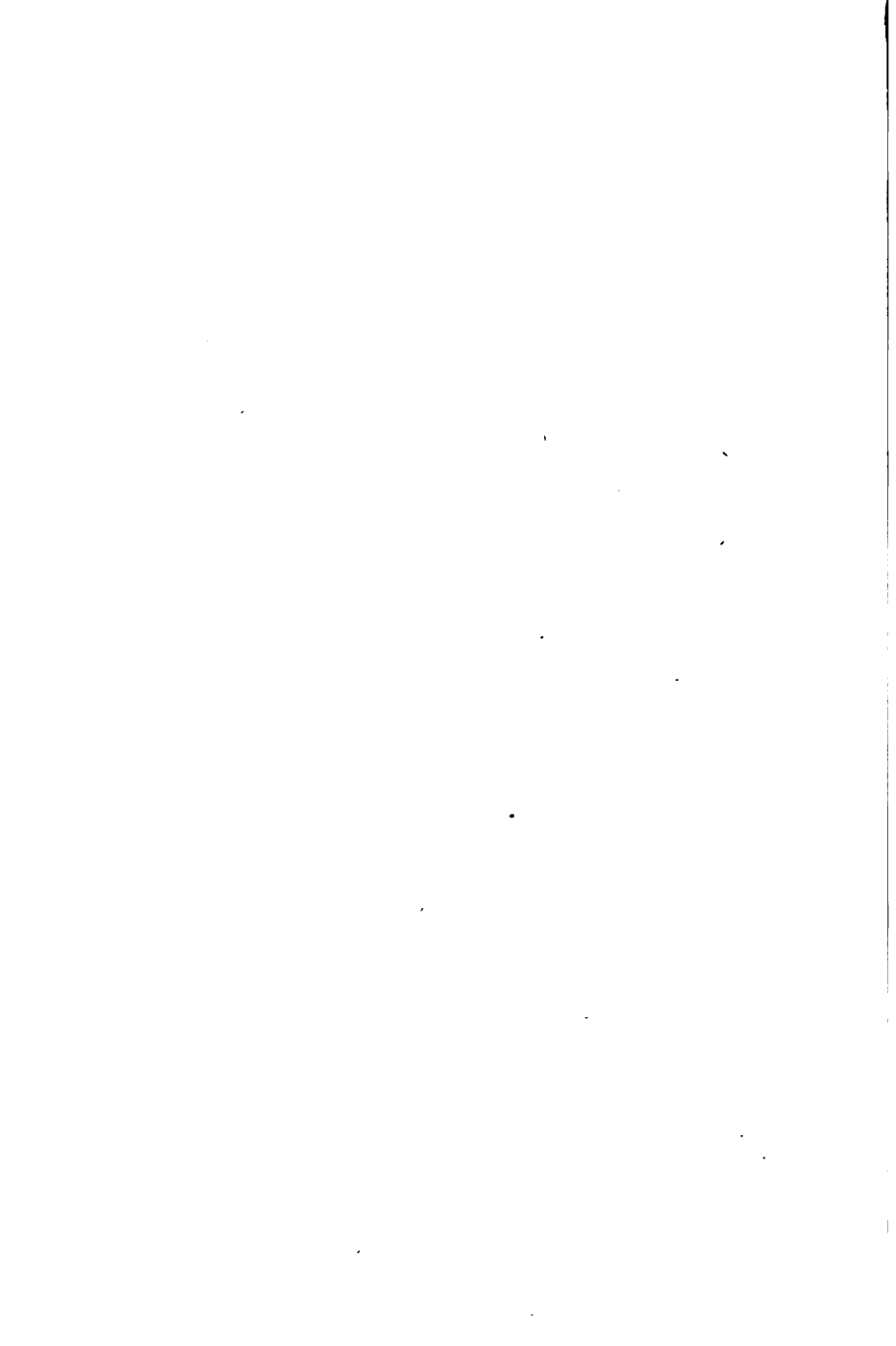
It is alone my mantle from the crystal runlet 'neath, Which the Lady of the Nereids washed with dainty hands so fair:

It hath scented me and my good steed, the roads  
that branch'd aside,  
The travellers, and all the church, the country far and  
wide.  
But not with me befitteth it such mantle should abide.

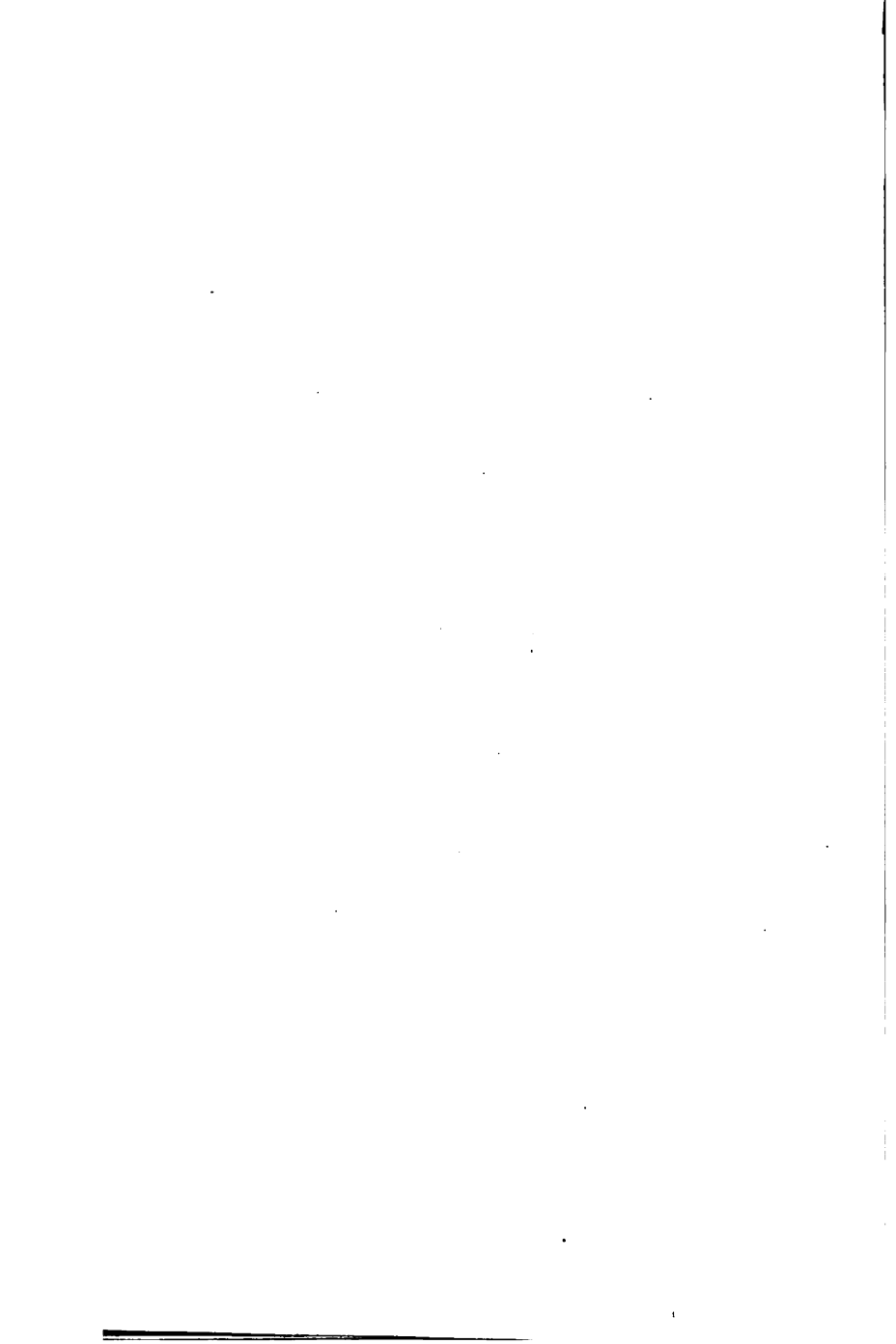
Come hither then, fair maidens, and range you in a  
row,  
All who in dance excelling, who first in singing  
prove,  
And she who danceth best of all whose song doth  
sweetest flow,  
To her my mantle I will give, and she shall be my  
love."

Antoniadès in his *Κρητὴς*, whilst introducing the Nereids, gives a very good solution of the origin of these wild fancies among mountaineers, the inhabitants of lonely hills especially in all countries being more given to these flights of imagination than the children of the plains. He pictures the solitary shepherd alone with his flock, dog and pipe, arriving by a stream enclosed with rocks in the shadows of evening. All kinds of misty wraiths might soon be conjured up, sitting there, as darkness closed around him.





## NOTES.



## NOTES.

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### ALI PASHA AND HIS MOTHER HAMKOS.

"THE renowned barbarian Ali Pasha, the celebrated vizier of Epirus, was born about the year 1745, at Tepeleni, a small village on the banks of the Aoïss or Voïoussa, near the spot where it issues from the gorges of Klissura. His family, whose name was Issas, or Jesus, an appellation still common in the East, came originally from Asia Minor with the hordes of Bajazet Ilderim ;<sup>1</sup> and his grandfather Mouctar was one of those who fell at the siege of Corfu, by Diannun Cozia in 1716. He left three sons, of whom the youngest, Veli, after exercising for some years the profession of a bandit in the mountains of Albania, returned to Tepeleni, murdered his elder brothers, seized upon the property of the family, and became the first Aga of his native village. He subsequently married the daughter of the Bey of Conitza, Khamcos, or Hamcos<sup>2</sup> as it is now written, by whom he had two children. Ali, the future lord of Juannina, and his sister Châinitza, after a

<sup>1</sup> Sir James Emerson Tennent's *History of Modern Greece*, vol. ii. p. 381. According to Pouqueville they were Albanians by descent ; the story of their Asiatic origin is that of Ali himself.

<sup>2</sup> More generally called "Hamko."

life of crime and debauchery, died while his offspring were still in their infancy."

On the death of Veli, the widow Hamko, upon the plea of defending the rights of her son and daughter, Ali and Chaïnitza, against the sons of a former union, headed the bands and tribes herself, and led them forth against the neighbouring peoples. In one of these marches she fell into an ambuscade, and was taken by her enemies with her two children and thrown into the prison of Gardiki. She was afterwards ransomed, the money being supplied by a Greek ; but some insults received from the Gardikiotes remained rankling, and young Ali was educated to become her avenger. Step by step he rose to riches and power, solely, as he said, by following the maxims of his mother,<sup>1</sup> wherefore to her throughout life he was thoroughly devoted. More than forty years after the insults from the Gardikiotes, Hamko, dying of a painful disease, sent for Ali to receive her last commands. He did not reach her until she had expired, but his sister repeated to him the infamous bequest, and hand-in-hand before the dead body of Hamko, Ali and Chaïnitza swore to exterminate utterly Gardiki, men, women, and children, and to lay it waste. "*Showers of tears accompanied his oaths.*"

It was not until fifteen years after this that an opportunity presented itself for carrying out his mother's will (written as well as verbal) regarding Gardiki. His sister, had he been so minded, would not, however, let him forget their joint bond, and in 1812 the time came. As cunning as he was cruel, he hoodwinked the French consul by

<sup>1</sup> See conversation of Ali with Mons. Pouqueville, Consul of France at Janina for fourteen years, in *Histoire de la Régénération de la Grèce*, tom i. chap. x.

declaring<sup>1</sup> to him that he would make Gardiki, which he was just on the point of acquiring, "la fleur de l'Albanie," whilst he had just received a despatch from his sister, saying that the women must be at her disposal, "Je ne veux plus concher que sur les matelas remplis de leurs cheveux." The Gardikiotes were a mixed people, Mahometans as well as Christians, and the order for the massacre was indignantly rejected by the Mahometan regiment under Omer Brionês, which refused to shed the blood of Mahometans. The next order was given to a battalion of Mirdites. Their leader, Andrè Gozzolino, whereupon exclaimed, "We kill men without any defence; put arms in their hands, and we will go against them as warriors." Athanasius Vayias then offered himself, and to him was the destruction of Gardiki deputed, and the details of this dreadful event literally fulfilled the commands of the mother and the wishes of the daughter.

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### THE FLIGHT.

THE flight celebrates the great success gained by the Souliotes under Lambros Tsavellas<sup>2</sup> over Ali Pasha on the 20th July 1792. The Vizir had left Janina with 15,000 men, who had all sworn upon the Koran to exterminate the Christians of Souli. The Souliotes were celebrating their festival of Flowers when they heard of

<sup>1</sup> *Histoire de la Régénération de la Grèce*, par Mons. Hugues Pouqueville, tom. ii. chap. iv.

<sup>2</sup> Written Tsavellas, Tzavellas, and Zabellas. In this and other names I have followed the Greek and English authors (although diverse), from whom the poems and quotations are taken.

the approach of the Turks. Abandoning their villages and plains they gathered together, and awaited their enemies in the defiles of the mountains. Their women, headed by Moscho, the wife of Tsavellas, and their daughter Caïdos, hurled down rocks from the heights, and broke the column of the assailants, and in this position the advanced body of the Turks was engaged and entirely beaten without any quarter being given, and the rear-guard only escaped, leaving seven hundred and forty dead. This defeat spread panic into all the Turks, and Ali fled precipitately by night to Janina.—POUQUEVILLE, *Histoire de la Régénération*, liv. i.'chap. vi.

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#### NOTE TO KATZANTONÉS.

IN 1806, impelled by the cruelties exercised in Cephalonia, Ithaca, and Leucadia, a general rising took place in Corfu, encouraged by Russia. Thither came Cadgi Anton (Katzantonés), "couvert d'armes brillantes," with his five brothers, the Botzaris, and other captains who took oath of fidelity to Russia, Katzantonés swearing never to lay down his arms until Greece was free and placed under the sovereignty of the orthodox ruler. The triple alliance of Turkey, England, and Russia against France, altered the views of the Greek patriots, but Katzantonés remained faithful to his first idea.<sup>1</sup> This wild mountain hero or Klepht, renowned as he had been for his many exploits, miscalculated the strength against

<sup>1</sup> Pouqueville.

which he had to contend, and the numbers which could be brought against his small force. Ali Pasha had kept constant watch upon the movements of this valiant chief, celebrated no less for beauty of person and agility of form than for his prowess. The Albanian Veli Ghekas, who was in the service of Ali, went against him with a force of Albanians. After some reverses, being wasted with a slow fever, he sought the heights of Agrapha in company with his brother, George Hasotês, thinking to recover health and strength in the mountain air. He remained some days with the monks near there, but not feeling sure but that he was watched, he, with his brother, left them while still weak and ill and took refuge in a cave. A priest or monk who brought them food betrayed them. George endeavoured to cut his way through a body of sixty Albanians (who surrounded the cave), bearing his sick brother, but they were taken prisoners and carried to Janina, where they were both beaten to death by hammers. Katzantonês being weakened by disease, is said in some accounts to have uttered cries, and to have been reproved by his brother, but the popular version is that he died triumphing.—POUQUEVILLE, &c.

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## NOTES TO THANASY VAYIA.

THE name of Thanasês Vayia is perhaps held in more unqualified detestation by the Greek populace, especially by the inhabitants of Epirus and Thessaly, than even that of his notorious master Ali, *because he was by birth a Greek.*

After the horrible affair of Gardiki he was advanced to the post of Ali's secretary ; but upon the downfall and death of the Pasha, although he escaped with his life, he fell into the extreme depths of poverty, hated and shunned by all men, or, to use the words of a contemporary, he was starved like a dog, "ἰψόφρισε, φίλε μου σὰν σκύλος," and could hardly obtain burial when he died ; and his widow, barefoot and ragged, wandered from door to door imploring alms, until she also died, said the same authority, "God knows where," Κύριος οἶδε πῶν.—*Introduction to Thanasy Vayia by Valadritês.*

*"Reach me but the light  
which you each evening kindle," &c.*

In the humblest dwelling there will be sure to be a little lamp burning before the picture either of the Blessed Virgin or a favourite saint, although often undistinguishable through time and smoke.

*"A fleshly form hast still"* (Πίς μου δὲν ἔλυωσις), literally "Is not your body yet dissolved?" There is a belief

among the Greeks that the bodies of the wicked after death are delayed returning to their elements, their souls being still confined and retained in them. The souls of those who have been excommunicated or cursed not being released from their bodies, are thus the phantoms which appear to men. "After death may thy body not be dissolved" is the closing form of excommunication in an MS. in the church of St. Sophia of Thessalonica. Mons. Pouqueville states that he read the following therein: "He who has received any curse, or has not fulfilled the pious commissions left him by his parents, his body remains entire."

"When oil and earth, &c.," "Ὅταν σου ῥίξανε λάδι.

When the deceased has been anointed with *prayer oil* (analogous to the Roman extreme unction), the lamp or glass into which the oil and wine were poured, with what may remain in it, is thrown into the grave; also the ashes from the incense then used. This custom of anointing is seldom now followed, but many statements have been made by different writers relative to throwing oil in the grave or over the deceased before placing the lid on the coffin (which is done at the grave).—See "Greek Burial Customs," *Folk Lore Journal*, June 1884.

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## KLEISOVA.

"PURSUING the same system of reducing the outposts one by one, they [the Satraps] resolved to assail the convent of the Holy Trinity, a tower seated on the shoal of Klissova, half a mile to the south-east of Messalonghi, and garrisoned by 130 Roumeliotes with four small guns, under the command of Kizzo Tzavella. On the morning of the 6th of April their rafts and gunboats opened a heavy fire against it, while the Turks and Albanians of Kutahi plunged with impetuosity into the swamp, and wading across, tore down the exterior palisade; and having no scaling ladders, and being unable to get into the tower, recoiled in disorder, when the Roumêli Valesi, riding forwards to animate his troops, was shot through the thigh with a musket bullet. Ibrahim then ordered Hussein Bey to advance at the head of two regiments of Arabs, and with culpable obstinacy persisted until sunset in exposing them to be butchered, the insurgents from the loopholes picking off at pleasure the miserable Africans who stood up to the middle in water, resigning themselves to death. At length, after Hussein Bey and many other persons of distinction were slain, the Pasha sounded a retreat, whereupon Tzavella sallied out of his tower, boarded and carried seven launches that were aground, and set up a trophy composed of 1200 muskets and bayonets. This was the bloodiest day Messalonghi had yet witnessed, upwards of 1000 dead bodies of Turks and Arabs floating about the lagoon, which was actually discoloured with gore; thirty-five Greeks fell in defending Klissova, and as many were wounded."—*Gordon*, vol. v. p. 258.

[We feel pleasure in citing two signal instances of bravery displayed by the insurgents. In the heat of the action, the Khiliarch Drosinis (accompanied by a youth of seventeen years of age, and nine soldiers), loading a canoe with water and cartridges for the garrison of the tower, shoved off in the face of the enemy's flotilla; and although four of his comrades were killed by a cannon ball, and five turned back, pushed through to the islet. Constantine Trikoupi in a *passara* (or pinnace) armed with a three-pounder, gallantly engaged the Egyptian gunboats until she sank, when he and his men swam to Klissova.—*Gordon*.]

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## THE MARRIAGE OF EARTH.

*“Holy anthem meet.”*

THE anthem referred to consists of the following troparia, which occur in the marriage office of the Greek Church:—

“Exult, O Isaiah, for a virgin has conceived, and brought forth a son, Emmanuel, God and man; the East is His name; Him do we magnify, and call the Virgin blessed.

“Ye holy martyrs, who have fought the good fight and obtained the crown, pray unto the Lord to be merciful to our souls.

“Glory be to Thee, O Christ our God, the glory of the apostles, the joy of the martyrs, whose preaching was the Consubstantial Trinity.”—DR. KING'S *Rites and Ceremonies of the Greek Church*, p. 250.

While the above troparia are being sung, the bride and bridegroom, having their hands joined together and held by the priest under his epitachelion (stole), (with the witnesses holding their crowns), walk in circular procession three times, the *circle* being held to be symbolical of the *eternity* of their union. Until this procession takes place, the ceremony may be interrupted; *afterwards* the union is complete, and the couple are man and wife.

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### SAILOR'S WEDDING AT SPETZAI.

A MARRIAGE in a sailor's house is a very important event. The invited guests begin to arrive at about noon, and as soon as a guest appears he walks straight into the parlour and takes the first empty seat. The groom is purposely dressed in his coarsest clothes, his beard two or three days old, and his stockingless feet in an old pair of shoes. When the last guest has arrived, the important performance of "shaving the groom" begins. A chair is placed in the middle of the room, and the barber, with boy assistant, enters with a prodigious quantity of soap, oils, and *per-fumes*. . . . Then three or four of his intimate friends take him into the next room, from which he emerges in half an hour quite transformed in appearance. He is now ready to start for the bride's house, preceded by two musicians, one playing the violin and the other the banjo, followed by all the guests. On reaching the bride's house, the groom stops on the threshold and bows three times. His future mother-in-law kisses him, and puts a coloured silk

handkerchief round his neck, which he puts in his pocket. Each of the bride's female relatives lay one on his shoulder, which he puts into a basket. The bride is then led out, and the two processions walk in separate lines to the church, &c.

When the bride leaves the parents' house, the bridegroom's party leave a live chicken in her place.—*Among the Greek Islands*—*Oriental Church Magazine*, March 1879.

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### METAMORPHOSES.

“*Folk of estate*

*With plenty of household gear.*”

LITERALLY, with merchant-men, “*μες νοικοκυρίδ.*” The *νοικοκυρίδ* thus alluded to as types of well-to-do men, were the rich owners of vessels in the isles of Spetsai, Hydra, and chiefly the latter, which small island from old times had always been *aristocratic*, and the *aristocrats* were the holders of ships trading at all the ports of the Mediterranean and Black Sea. The Turks had then no merchant navy, and as long as they got their taxes let them alone; and here was the nursery of the navy which so successfully contended in the war of Liberation. See Trikoupi, *Ἱστορία, κςφ.* I. “In this way, between the years 1800 and 1820, these islanders made large fortunes, and the money was kept in cisterns built for this purpose inside their houses. It was with these monies that they armed and equipped the vessels which so successfully contended

against Turkey's three-deckers." — *Among the Greek Islands*, by D. N. Botassi, Greek Consul in New York.

—*Church Oriental Magazine*.

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### MYRIOLOGIES.

MYRIOLOGIES = *Μυριολογία*, or the wailings for the dead, much resembling the Irish *keen* of former times, are still practised by the lower classes everywhere, especially in outlying districts. They are generally relatives or neighbours who perform this service, but occasionally hired mourners. See "Greek Burial Customs," *Folk Lore Journal*, June 1884.

Whilst living at the foot of Mount Lycabettus I heard a funeral wail break through the stillness of night from a little cottage near, where a death had taken place at sunset. No distance of time can make dim the effect of that mournful strain. It was but a minor cadence of four semitones, alternately rising and falling, but it was enough to express the lowest depths of grief. "Fair Athens." Remington, 1881.







